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THE MOON.

BY "FEEN LODGE."



IN watching the changes of the Moon, I dare say our young friends have often observed that the irregular blotches upon its surface form a rude face. From the nursery we are familiar with the time-honored legend of the "*Man in the Moon*," whose most notable characteristic is his *over-punctuality*.

The map on the opposite page represents the Full Moon as seen by the aid of a spy-glass or small telescope, giving the face-features in all their prominence. The darker parts in the map were, at an early day, thought to be seas and lakes; the brighter tracts, continents dotted over with mountains and mountain ranges. It is now believed that the shaded tracts on the Moon are

vast areas of rock, earth, or sand, that, owing to their nature, reflect sunlight less perfectly than the surrounding surface. Modern observation has pretty satisfactorily determined that there is no air upon the Moon, and consequently no vapor or water. Long ago, the French astronomer La Place declared that if the Moon had an atmosphere, it must be more attenuated than the vacuum of an air-pump.

We may prove to ourselves by two simple means that there is no perceptible atmosphere on the Moon. It frequently happens that, in its pathway through the sky, the Moon passes over, or *occults*, a star. When this occurs, the star is seen to disappear suddenly, and not to linger and twinkle, as it would do if passing behind a lunar atmosphere. Then again, the Moon in its transits — crossings — over the Sun's disk, at a Solar eclipse, would show its atmosphere, if it had one, by appearing blurred at the edges, as do Venus and Mercury.

That there are mountains in the Moon there is not the least doubt. Their huge shadows are seen to grow less and less towards Full Moon, and after it to lengthen out towards the lunar evening. As the Sun shines directly down upon the surface at Full Moon, and at that time we also look upon it from the same direction, no shadows are then visible.

The rugged edge, called the Terminator, is the most interesting part of the Moon. It is there the shadows are most remarkable. Even with

limited optical power, the gilded peaks of lofty mountains still within the shaded portion of the disk, are often seen as points of light quite detached from the illuminated part. The Terminator presents a fine appearance about thirty hours after the First Quarter. By consulting the almanac, you can easily compute the day and hour this occurs for any particular month.

Let us trace the principal features of the Moon by means of our map. The old names given by astronomers when seas were supposed to exist, are still retained. Two large patches in the upper part of the disk make the eyes. The oval spot between them, which has a bright streak running through it nearly north and south, is the Sea of Serenity (*Mare Serenitatis*), a sea with no water in it, you remember. On the left shore of this so-called sea is a small white dot. This is the crater Linné, a diminutive mountain, — in fact only a hill, — about which there has, for over a year, been much speculation among astronomers. Some claim that it is not nearly so easily seen as formerly, but either is covered by a cloud, or its shallow crater, of about five miles in width, has been almost filled up by a volcanic eruption. The excitement is now dying away, however, and most opinious seem to be on the side of those who maintain that no change has occurred. With a spy-glass you may see the small cloud that has given rise to this dispute, in the centre of which is the shallow crater. I have detected the spot with an opera-glass, but only the largest telescopes make out the crater and its central hill.

The Sea of Showers (*Mare Imbrium*) forms the right eye of the face, and will be found on the map to the left of the Sea of Serenity. The left eye is formed by the Sea of Tranquillity (*Mare Tranquillitatis*), the darkest part of the Moon's surface, it seems to me. An irregular dark spot shaped like a C, under the Sea of Serenity, gives the nose. The upper part of this shaded patch is the Sea of Vapors (*Mare Vaporum*).

Below all this we have the wide open mouth, formed by the Sea of Clouds (*Mare Nubium*). The "Man in the Moon" always appears to be blowing hard, as if to drive the clouds away, and the effort gives him a huge dimple on the right cheek, the Sea of Humors (*Mare Humorum*). On the northwest edge of this sea is the remarkable circular mountain Gassendi, one of the most noticeable objects on the Moon's surface.

Under the mouth is a bright spot, the circular mountain Tycho, which may stand for a wart on

the old fellow's chin, or a piece of court-plaster covering a cut made by careless shaving. This is the centre of the mountainous region. Not far from Tycho, and near the south pole, is Dörfel, the loftiest mountain in the Moon, measuring 26,000 feet in height. On all sides of Tycho are lofty peaks, frightful abysses, yawning gulfs, and groups of mountains of fantastic outline, thrown together in interminable confusion. The precipitous inner wall of Tycho itself rises to an altitude of 16,000 feet above the plain. The diameter of the inclosed area is nearly fifty miles.

It is from Tycho that the curious white streaks radiate, stretching far to the left, on the map, through the Sea of Clouds, and on the right, to the Sea of Nectar (*Mare Nectaris*), a distance from the great crater of 1800 miles in this direction. These streaks you will at once say are ranges of mountains. Not so, however, for when near the Terminator, where mountains are rendered so conspicuous by their huge shadows, these streaks are not seen at all. Herschel, the elder, suggested that they were lava streams, which had filled up huge cracks in the Moon's outer shell made by its cooling rapidly, — the lava reflecting light better than the surrounding surface.

The largest white spot on the Moon's disk is Copernicus, a mammoth crater fifty-six miles in diameter. It is seen on the map as an ill-defined light patch to the left of the nose. Before and after Full Moon, when the Terminator bisects the crater, its interior is very interesting. Long tapering shadows from mountains skirting the deep abyss, are thrown across the internal area, and by degrees shorten or lengthen, according to the age of the moon, until the crater is either a glare of light, or a circle of pitchy darkness. With a good spy-glass, this enormous mountain cannot fail to interest our young friends.

From Copernicus, as from Tycho, white streaks diverge, though in this case they present more of the appearance of fringes of light about the central mountain. Two sinuous streaks run northward far into the Sea of Rains. There are other mountains, as Kepler and Aristarchus, that present this fringed appearance, and it is said that in one or two instances the lines of light are in reality low ridges, giving faint shadows near the Terminator.

A precipitous range, called the Apennines, branches off from Eratosthenes, — a charming object just west of Copernicus, — and runs towards the Sea of Serenity, in a northwesterly direction. This is the loftiest chain of mountains in the Moon, — Huygens in the centre of it ris-

ing to a greater elevation than Mt. Blanc in Europe. The Apennines make a good ridge to our man's nose,—Copernicus, at the lower end, giving the organ a somewhat puggish appearance.

At the Full Moon the "face" is striking. If in a bank of haze or mist, it has a rubicund appearance, as if the old fellow had been tipping. Then, too, its size is startling, though, strange as it may appear, this is by an optical illusion. Delicate measurements show that the Moon actually appears *smaller* near the horizon than when overhead. It seems nearer to us just after it has risen, because at that time we insensibly compare it with near objects on the earth's surface, which we cannot do when it is higher up in the sky. As the Moon keeps at about the same distance from the earth's centre in its revolutions, it is in reality a semidiameter of the earth, nearer to our eyes when overhead than when on the horizon. The best time to see the Moon, therefore, is when it is on the meridian, as its distance from us is then the least. By making a tube of your hands, so as to hide objects that would be otherwise seen, the disk does not appear so immense when low down in the heavens. As the same illusion obtains in the case of the Sun, when rising or setting, you can prove to yourself that the eye is deceived by viewing it through smoked glass. It will then appear no larger than it does when in mid-heavens.

The features we have thus hastily considered, are the most prominent of those discoverable in our satellite. We may suppose that inhabitants of Mars—which planet revolves around the Sun in an orbit outside of the Earth and Moon—scan all sides of our satellite, if the dense atmosphere of that planet allows them the use of the telescope. But to us within the Moon's orbit, the same unchanging patches of light and shade are, in the main, all that are ever seen. The reason of this is, that the Moon revolves on its axis in the time required to complete a revolution about the Earth. A friend walking around you sideways in a circle does not appear to you to be turning his body around as he walks. To others in the room, however, he is seen not only to pass around you, but also to turn himself about once in each revolution. Thus it is that, being in the centre of the Moon's orbit, we see but one side, whilst the inhabitants of a planet, or a star, may scan all sides of our satellite.

An explanation of the "*phases* of the Moon," as they are called, may be had, by your friend's holding an orange in front of him in his walk, a

strong light being placed on a piece of furniture near by. The New Moon is represented when the orange comes between your eye and the light, and the Full Moon when the orange is on the opposite side of the circle from the light.

Once in every revolution the Moon must pass between us and the Sun. At such times the Sun illuminates the side turned from us, and the Moon is invisible to us. This is called the *conjunction*—the Moon being, as it were, *joined* to the Sun.

A day or two after conjunction, as the Moon moves eastwardly in its course, it gets away from the Sun, and as it does so we see a little way round it, and a portion of the illuminated side becomes visible as the thin crescent of the New Moon.

From day to day as it progresses further on in its course, this crescent increases in width, and after a lapse of seven days it no longer sets with the Sun, but appears high up in the sky in the early evening. It is then said to be in its *First Quarter*, having reached the quarter way point in its revolution around the Earth. The disk is now just half illuminated, as we see it at a *right angle* from the Sun,—the Moon being on the meridian as the Sun sets.

After the lapse of another week, or fifteen days from the New Moon, the half-way point of the orbit is reached, when the Moon rises nearly as the Sun sets, and sets as the Sun rises. This completes the *Second Quarter*. It is now Full Moon, when being in the opposite part of the heavens from the Sun, the Moon receives a *full illumination*. This is called the *opposition*, and is 180° , or a half circle, from the conjunction.

A night or two after this the Moon becomes less round—gibbous—in its return to the Sun, and in seven days more, or twenty-two days from New Moon, it appears a second time as a half moon—the *Third Quarter*—and rises about six hours after sunset.

Another week, or twenty-nine and a half days from New Moon, and the circuit is completed,—making the *Fourth Quarter*; and the Moon rising and setting with the Sun, is lost to view in the splendor of its rays. In the almanacs, the Moon's phases are called, New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, and Third Quarter, the New and Full Moons not being known as the Fourth and Second Quarters among astronomers.

It sometimes happens that at the New Moon the Sun is entirely covered by the Moon's disk, when we have a *total eclipse* of the Sun. Total eclipses are, however, rare. Here in the United States, along a narrow strip of territory from

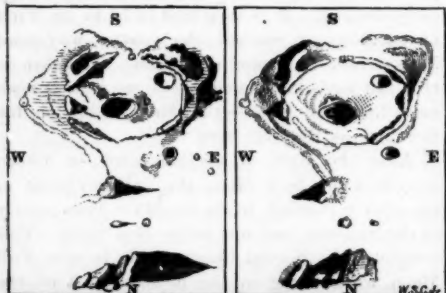
Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, to Louisville, Ky., Springfield, Ill., and Central Iowa, a total eclipse of the Sun will be witnessed August 7th, 1869. There will be no eclipses of either Sun or Moon in the United States during the present year.

If you notice the Moon during the last Quarter, the unilluminated portion will be faintly visible. This phenomenon, which is sometimes called the Old Moon in the New Moon's arms, is owing to what is termed the "earth-shine," or feeble reflection by the Moon of light received from the illuminated atmosphere of the Earth. The same appearance may be seen after conjunction, when the Moon is but a few days old, though the phenomenon is not quite as striking at that time.

Ring Mountain Cassini.

Aug. 7. 1867.

Aug. 20, 1867.



Ideal view of Interior of Cassini.

We have here two views of the interesting Ring Mountain Cassini, in the Moon's northern hemisphere, near the Alpine range. The first view was taken the 7th of August last with a telescope made by Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., having a lens measuring four inches across. The object is magnified about 150 diameters. The second view is as the mountain

appeared thirteen days later, when the Moon was past Full, and approaching the Sun. The shadows here point in the opposite direction.

From east to west the interior area measures about thirty-six miles. The lofty peaks on the extreme left of the drawings rise 4400 feet above the surrounding surface. In the central crater, you can distinguish in the right-hand sketch a point of light. This is doubtless a conical mound or hill in the deep hollow of the mountain. By means of careful measurements of shadows, such as we have in these two sketches, and a calculation of the angle at which the Sun's rays are at the time falling, the heights of the principal lunar elevations have been accurately ascertained. Some hills give shadows so small that they can only be seen in the largest telescopes. The shadow of the central hill of the little crater Linné, is seen with difficulty, and yet an English astronomer has calculated its height as about forty feet!

Below the sketches of Cassini as it looks in a telescope, is an ideal view of its interior. You distinguish at once the large central crater, with the conical hill peeping above its rugged sides. Many miles across the plain a smaller crater is discovered near the range of hills skirting the eastern edge of the plain. To the left over a slender peak appear a few spurs of the Caucasus range, on the far side of which our map shows the Sea of Serenity.

Our ideal view of one of the circular mountains of the Moon, necessarily gives but little idea of the roughness of the surface. We have reason to believe with one "that in the Moon are rocks as fresh as they were left by the producing fires. No moisture within to break them up in the swelling frost, — no rain, no storm, no air, to waste them away by chemical or mechanical forces. In the brighter parts are probably the glassy sheets of the mica, the fretted lustre of the quartz, and the varied glitter of countless minerals, far removed from the cupidity of Man, shining for his real benefit in the distant satellite." Our earth, if divested of its covering of vegetable and alluvial matter, would possibly present a somewhat similar roughness of surface.

The side of the Moon turned towards us must become heated, during the long lunar day of about a fortnight, to a temperature exceeding that of boiling water. We could not conceive of human beings like ourselves being able to exist under such a heat. The theory has been advanced recently that the unseen side of the Moon

is heavier than the one presented to our view, and that all the air and water has been drawn away to that side. We close our talk upon the Moon with an extract on this subject from Principal Leitch's charming little work, "God's Glory in the Heavens,"* a book we wish every reader of the "Riverside" might peruse:—

"Supposing the sphere of the Moon originally covered with water, and enveloped in an atmosphere, both water and air would flow to the heavier side (if we suppose the Moon to have one), leaving the lighter half destitute of both, just as water and air leave the summits of our mountains, and gravitate toward the valleys. They seek the lowest level, or, in other words, the point least distant from the centre of gravity.

"In the case of the Moon, the side turned to us is virtually one enormous mountain, and the opposite side the corresponding valley. We could not expect to find traces of air on the summit of a terrestrial mountain 134 miles high. The conclusion, therefore, is, that though the near hemisphere is a lifeless desert, having neither water nor air to sustain life, the hidden hemisphere may have a teeming population, rejoicing in all the comforts and amenities of life.

"Granting that the other side of the Moon is

peopled, can our world ever be known to the inhabitants, seeing that only the lighter side is turned toward us? It is plain that the inhabitants, if they keep to their own side, can never get a glimpse of the Earth. If there is an atmosphere, it is probable that it may extend a small way within the visible side, though in a rarefied form. We can then conceive the intrepid lunar inhabitants venturing, as far as they can breathe, within the barren hemisphere; just like adventurous travellers on our globe, scaling lofty mountains, to obtain an extended view of the landscape. What an astonishing spectacle must burst upon the view of the lunar tourist, as soon as he fairly gets within the new hemisphere!

"He will see an immense blue orb hung up, immovably fixed in the heavens. It will appear to him fourteen times larger than the Moon appears to us. The Sun will be seen, as in the other lunar hemisphere, to rise in one horizon, and in fourteen days, set in the opposite; but the Earth never moves. The stars at midday, as well as at midnight, will appear to pass behind its disk, while it maintains the same position. Though objects on the surface of the Earth will be but dimly descried, still our seas, continents, and mountain-ranges may be distinguished. What a tale of wonder will the traveller have to tell when, after his perilous adventures, he returns to the bosom of his family!"

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there lived in the Valley of the Shenandoah a gentleman of independent fortune and considerable local repute, named Moreland. Colonel Moreland had, in his day, been a man of fashion, a traveller, a soldier, and something of a politician; but having spent the flower of his life in these exciting pursuits without finding that contentment for which the heart is always yearning, he at length concluded to return to his old home, endeared by many pleasant recollections, to seek there, amid ancient friendships and scenes of rural independence, that repose which is most grateful after a life of harassing activity.

Soon after his return, he married a charming lady of the neighborhood, and became the father

of two children,—the elder a boy, who was named Beverly, and the younger a girl, who was called Emily. These children grew together in health and beauty, and at the opening of this history were respectively eight and six years old.

The Colonel's estate, called Norbourne Manor, lay adjacent to the quiet and weed-grown village of M—, the county town of B— County. The manor-house, which stood in the midst of a handsome grove, was an old-fashioned, one-storied mansion built of cut limestone, with queer hipped roofs and dormer windows, and all the chimneys projecting on the outside, as is customary in the Southern States.

Behind the great house were numerous out-buildings and dependencies built of this same blue limestone, which shone pleasantly through the shadows of the oaks, and were occupied

* Geo. Routledge and Sons, London and New York. \$2.25.

chiefly by the negro servants and their families. The front entrance of the house was ornamented by a roomy portico, whose Doric columns were enwreathed with roses and honeysuckles, and whose roof was hidden by heavy masses of the dark green leaves and coral flowers of the Virginia climber.

On a bright June morning in the year 18—, the family of the manor-house was collected upon this porch, and we shall take the opportunity of introducing each member more particularly to our readers.

Colonel Moreland was tall and handsome, but already entered upon the middle stage of life, as his grizzled hair and beard attested. His countenance was somewhat stern, his address mild and courteous, but rather reserved toward strangers and indifferent people, which got him the reputation among the villagers of being a proud man, and there was a good deal of prejudice against him on that account. The more judicious of his neighbors, however, were willing to overlook this defect in a character whose sterling integrity and broad liberality secured their confidence and commanded their respect; while those who lived within the circle of his acknowledged friendship delighted in the genial humor which seemed to baffle all the petty ills and vexations of life, and profoundly admired the generous courage which never turned away from the necessities of a friend, or quailed before the frowns of an enemy.

The Colonel's wife was a good deal younger than he, and the girlish beauty of her face made the disparity of their ages appear still greater. Her manners were imbued with a tender grace, her thoughts and actions directed by a sincere and simple piety, which won all hearts and made her the beloved of all who came within her gentle influence. Hanging on the arm of her tall and haughty husband, she reminded one of the sweet twining rose that clustered around the Doric columns of the portico.

The next picture we sketch is that of our young hero, Beverly Moreland, a handsome, vigorous boy, well grown for his years, with light curling locks and large gray eyes, his childish face already evidencing a character largely ruled by susceptibility and passion. His sister Emily, with darker blue eyes and longer flaxen ringlets, was but a softer scion of the same stock, less developed, but showing in form and endowments the blended likeness of her parentage.

Before laying aside our pencil, we must also sketch a secondary group, destined to a humble, but still important part in our story.

There is Uncle Cæsar, the major-domo of the manor-house, and faithful body servant of the Colonel in the wars and wanderings of former times. Uncle Cæsar, in his manners, is even more precise and ceremonious than his master, while his grizzled wool sets off his honest black face with a peculiar dignity. There are some who think that he has more authority on the place than the proprietor himself, but Cæsar is too wise to forget that he is only Adjutant-General after all; and yet, if he should tread on the toes of authority at times by assuming rather too much, Cæsar has but to make acknowledgment by a bow, low enough to allow his master to see an ugly scar on the top of his head,—the record of an act of devotion which saved the Colonel's life. Next comes Aunt Mimy, the family nurse, and wife of Cæsar, who plumes herself without ceasing on the health and beauty of her nurslings. She is as obstinate in her prejudices and conceits as she is flattering with her lips, and has given poor Mrs. Moreland many an anxious moment, by her reiterated assertions that the children were too smart and too handsome to live; yet, as they both continue to prosper, and seem likely to survive these fatal advantages, old Mimy claims extraordinary credit for her skill and care in nursing. From her we have numerous anecdotes illustrating the remarkable traits and precocity of the children. Of Master Beverly she tells that, at four months old, he accomplished the astonishing feat of sucking his own big toe, and that entirely by his own persistent efforts, and without the slightest assistance from any one else; while she had known common children of six or seven months old to spend the greater portion of their leisure time endeavoring to do the same thing without success. During his second year the boy was seated in a high chair at the family table, and always insisted on handling his own spoon, violently representing any officious interference by outsiders. After having impartially divided his portion of rice and minced chicken between his mouth, his eyes, nose, ears, and bib, it was his custom to throw away his spoon, and with open hands to sweep the remaining contents of his platter over the table-cloth, and thence upon the floor, followed by the plate itself, spoon, drinking-cup, and all the other articles of table-furniture within his reach. This signified that the young gentleman had finished his meal, and desired to be walked out into the grove or elsewhere. Mrs. Moreland was concerned at this exhibition of uncurbed willfulness on account of its moral tendency, and

incidentally regarding the destruction of crockery it involved. The Colonel smiled, and had a silver plate and drinking-cup substituted for the porcelain, so that young Master's eccentricities might be indulged without further damage than the soiling of the crumb-cloth. Aunt Mimy was of opinion that this performance gave promise of a liberality and high-mindedness that would one day be a credit to the family name. She relates many other anecdotes of infantile pranks equally interesting, but our limits do not permit us to record them.

The next on our list of portraits are Bill and Fanny, two negrolings, the present pets and protégées, and destined to be the future man and maid servants of Master Beverly and Miss Emily.

Bill's promotion from the cabin to the Hall occurred in this wise. Colonel Moreland was riding out one day, attended by his man Caesar, when, about three miles distant from any human habitation, he saw a little negro between two and three years old waddling along the road with an air of easy and independent assurance. Stop-



ping to observe, the Colonel saw him approach a large swinging gate closed by a wooden latch far above the little wanderer's reach. The child toddled up to this formidable barrier, and having considered it for a moment, with an air of quizzical gravity, turned aside, and presently returned with a forked stick about two feet long. With this he stood under the latch, lifted it with an upward push, and as the heavy gate swung open, coolly passed on his way.

The Colonel, highly amused at this display of ingenuity, called out, "Hullo, you little vagabond! what are you doing here? are you lost?"

"No," replied little Cuffee, stoutly.

"Where are you going, and how will you find your way home again?"

The juvenile adventurer looked half scornful as he replied, — "I tum by de yode — when I see de yode I kin doe bat."

The Colonel was delighted, declaring he had seen many officers who, at the head of regiments, had shown less capacity for engineering and topography than this baby.

Learning from Caesar that it was the child of one of his own field hands, he expressed his determination to have him trained as a body serv-

ant for Master Beverly, who was then about the same age. Cesar caught the youngster by the cuff of the neck, and lifting him on to the pommel of his saddle, with considerable outcry and resistance succeeded in carrying him back to the Hall, where he was put in charge of the cook, and proper arrangements made for installing him into service. For a while Bill was rather wild and refractory under the restraints of a position, the honor or advantages of which he did not clearly understand. He struggled stoutly against exchanging his breezy cotton slip for the gray jacket and breeches presented by his young master. The hat he accepted with a better grace, and was so pleased with it that he could not be induced to take it off in any presence, nor even when he went to bed. This peculiar partiality was played off advantageously against his equally eccentric prejudice, and it was threatened that, if he persisted in removing and hiding his breeches, he should lose his hat. The menace had the desired effect, and Bill in time became reconciled to these badges of civilization. His ideas in regard to social distinctions were also quite crude, and for a time he was very reluctant to acknowledge any supremacy but that of superior force. In consequence, he got into several rough and tumble fights with his young master; but the hereditary pluck of the English race proving too much for him, he was fain to retreat, and would run bellowing into the kitchen, where the cook met him with an additional basting, as a rebuke for his rebellious behavior and noise.

At length these rough edges were worn off Bill's manners, he learned the rôle of the serving man in embryo very creditably, and a strong personal friendship was established between little master and his humble retainer.

At the same time Bill had begun to appreciate his opportunities for cakes and sweetmeats, and from the dignity of his gilt-bound hat and gray livery, had learned to look with sovereign contempt on his former companions, who had not yet risen above the cotton slip condition.

Miss Emily's maid, Fanny, being the cook's daughter, fell quite naturally into her duties, inheriting her mistress's cast-off clothes, and carrying her dolls, as the little lady went visiting from one play-house to another in various nooks and corners of the old Hall, or under the oak-trees in the grove. What with her lady's inconsiderate generosity, and Fanny's native adroitness at pilfering, the maid generally had the largest share of the toys and raiment, and would have kept her little mistress quite bare, had not the good-

natured cook taken the daily pains to return the plunder.

Beverly was about five years old, when, one day playing with his sister, he observed the pantry-door standing ajar, and peeping in, saw some very tempting tarts spread out upon a lower shelf. Having a mind to examine them more closely, the children entered the forbidden room and stood regarding the tarts with covetous eyes. Beverly being the bolder, presently helped himself to a small one, and taking a bite, smacked his lips with such gusto that he easily induced the little girl to join him. The feast thus begun, continued until the little folks had stuffed themselves to contentment. They then remembered their colored favorites, and both took as many tarts as they could carry into the yard.

Mrs. Moreland, meanwhile, had returned to the pantry, and was astonished to see her preparations for Sunday's dessert all broken and smeared over the shelf, and the greater portion missing.

Looking out into the grove, she was still more shocked at seeing her beloved children, with half a dozen young negroes, making a feast of the remnants. The sound of her voice seemed to convey to the young culprits the first consciousness of their crime. The little negroes darted like rats, hiding here and there, wherever they could find a cover. The children looked at each other, and then, with downcast faces and troubled hearts, followed their mother into the sitting-room.

The sweet lady was both angry and grieved at their behavior, and having faith in the efficacy of moral suasion and pious teachings, took pains to show them the wickedness of what they had done, and the awful consequences hereafter, using such arguments as she thought would most deeply impress their tender minds. She showed them that they had taken what was not theirs, and that by stealth, which was a great sin, and for which they would be punished when they came to die. They would be shut out from all the joys of heaven, and there would be no place for them in God's beautiful house above.

The tears coursed down little Emily's cheeks at the idea, and Beverly looked as if he was about to burst into sobbing. The soft-hearted mother was ready to cry herself at the picture she had drawn, and, apparently as much for her own relief as that of the little sinners, she changed the scene: "But if you will promise to be good," — the children promised in a breath never to eat tarts again unless invited, — "then

the gates of heaven will be open to you, and you will dwell in God's beautiful house forever and ever." The children clapped their hands in an ecstasy of delight, the tears still undried upon their cheeks. After a moment's pause, Beverly grew thoughtful. "Mama," he asked, "may Bill and Fanny live in God's kitchen?" The good lady bit her lip, and presently recovering herself, replied, "My son, in heaven there will be no distinctions of color nor of caste: there, rich and poor, white and black, master and servant, will be equal in the sight of God, to be judged according to their actions."

"Then who will we have to wait on us?" asked Beverly, with some surprise.

Mrs. Moreland cast a puzzled and rather imploring glance at her husband, who was reading the newspaper.

"My dear," said he, "another time you should put your pies out of the children's reach, and it will save you a great deal of embarrassment."

Not long after this date, we have another anecdote of Master Beverly, illustrative of the boy's dawning character. Among the numerous well-fed dependents that strutted under the oaks of Norbourne Manor was a very large turkey-cock,



who, long accustomed to supremacy, had grown quarrelsome and tyrannical. Having beaten all the junior gobblers, the Muscovy drakes, and dunghill roosters into subserviency, he had, by dint of strutting and loud gobbling, impressed even the younger negroes, geese, and dogs, with an awe of his prowess, and was so conceited that he frequently attacked the grown people, and on several occasions, had driven Mrs. Moreland herself out of the poultry-yard. Misinterpreting the motives of their forbearance, this pragmatical old fowl at length came to imagine that every body and every thing was afraid of him.

Now Beverly had been accustomed to lord it a little in his walk, and had begun to nourish a jealousy of this barn-yard bully, who was the

only creature on the place, short of the proprietor himself, that in nowise acknowledged his position as heir apparent. On several occasions, indeed, the gobbler had made most insolent demonstrations of an attack upon him, but his mother being present, he was withdrawn from the field, with the injunction that he must on no account go near the foolish bird, lest he might get his eyes pecked out. But even at this tender age our hero had imbibed the sentiment, "that where there was danger there was honor." His mother's prohibition rather increased his eagerness for a trial with his enemy, and what galled him still more, his admirer and follower, Bill, had twitted him with being afraid of the belligerent turkey.

One day he was walking about with his little sister, who wore a scarlet cloak and hood. As they strolled through the grove, they stopped to look at a hen with a pretty brood of chickens, when the tyrant of the poultry-yard, enraged at the sight of the red cloak, began to swell and strut in a manner terrible to behold. His head and bloated gills turned to a deep crimson, while his pendant snout shook with his loud and repeated gobbles. With tail spread like a fan, wings scraping the ground, and all his feathers on end, this lusty bully approached our little friends, making the most hideous noise at every step. Little Emily was dreadfully scared, and wanted to run, but her brother insisted she should stand her ground, declaring he was not in the least afraid — nevertheless it might be seen that his face was pale and his little cane trembled in his hand.

Presently, with a horrible gobble, the turkey-cock rushed at the scarlet hood. The little girl screamed, and in attempting to run, fell on her face. The ugly bird seized the cloak in his beak, and began to shake it violently, at the same moment Beverly rushed in with his stick. Nothing loth, the turkey-cock turned on him, and they had it "nip and tug" for several minutes, when suddenly the ill tempered braggart gave a short sharp "peep," and went tumbling over and over on the ground, in an agony of fuss and feathers. With knit brows and cheeks flushed with anger, our young hero followed up, pounding the fluttering mass with all his might.

Meanwhile, the whole household, white and black, was aroused, and hastened to the scene of action. The ducks quacked, the hens cackled, the turkeys gobbled, the dogs barked, and the little negroes shouted and yelled.

"Da den!" exclaimed a negro woman, "dat boy done kill missus big gobbler."

"My child!" cried Mrs. Moreland, "save my darling child!"

Bill was in ecstasies, and dancing on the prostrate body of the turkey, shouted, — "He done dead! He done dead! Whooray, Mass Bev; done kill him — fa fight — fa fight."

The Colonel approached with an assumed frown. "You mischievous imp. What outrageous row is this you are kicking up with your mother's poultry?"

"Why, Papa," replied Beverly, stoutly, "he fought sister, and I fought him. I did n't mean to kill him."

"You did, you brat. I saw the whole fight, and you went in with a will."

"Papa, I could n't run."

"Certainly not, my son," said the Colonel, patting him on the head. "You did right to kill him, for his insolence had got past endurance."

This exploit was much talked of at the Hall. The doating mama recited it in detail to her visitors, in a manner which showed that, while she took pains to blame the venturesome and mischievous spirit of her boy, she was quite pleased with his prowess. The negroes repeated it to one another with such coloring and exaggeration that Beverly presently became as conceited as the foolish turkey he had vanquished.

In a niche under the stairway in the Hall, hung a silver-belted rapier and a pair of richly-mounted pistols, which had belonged to Colonel Moreland in his military days. These, from earliest recollection, Beverly had regarded with a wistful eye, and as they were above his reach, he had repeatedly begged to be allowed just to hold them in his hands. His father had always refused peremptorily, telling him they were playthings for men, not boys, but promising that when he came to be a grown man, they should be his. This prohibition seemed unlimited, for many years must pass before he could be a man, and to his eager desires, the interval appeared like eternity.

His impatience was so great, that he occasionally proposed to Uncle Caesar to lift him up, to enable him only to touch the coveted weapons; but however obsequious on ordinary occasions to any whim of his young master, Caesar always declined with a mysterious shake of the head, saying, — "No! no! Dem things aint made for chillen to fool wid. It's bad enough for big people to meddle wid 'em: dey's dangerous."

After his adventure with the turkey-cock, our young hero's longing to get hold of this warlike apparatus increased tenfold. They were his property to all intents and purposes, and he felt as if his late victory had entitled him at least to a nearer view of them, but his father was firm, and Caesar was equally impracticable, so that he was obliged to content himself with simply claiming ownership in prospective; and when any one alluded to his late knightly feat in a flattering manner, he would say, — "Pshaw! I don't think it any great things to kill a turkey; if I had papa's sword and pistols, which are to be mine when I get to be a man, I would n't be afraid to fight with a bear." The obsequious negroes would never fail to applaud this greatness of soul, and, nodding significantly at each other,

would prophesy a great future for such a boy, and were equally ready to acknowledge, when his back was turned, that, for the present, he was a great pest, and dreadfully spoiled.

Unable to get possession of the real sword, he got Cæsar to make him a wooden one of a pine lath, and with this stuck in his belt, he went about the lawn and farm seeking adventures, like a little knight-errant, followed by his squire Bill. It was in vain, however, that knight and squire rode up and down on their stick horses, blowing their trumpets made of cimlin vines, chasing the turkeys, peacocks, and hens about the inclosures: in vain they paraded themselves defiantly before

the fighting gander, hoping to incite him to make some demonstration "that would give them the law of him." The gander was not so much of a goose as they hoped he would be. He did not reply to the challenge even by a hiss, but only waddled off toward the pond, picking an occasional blade of grass as he went, like a wise and peaceful bird. Now Bill was as apt at suggesting mischief as his master was eager to execute, and so he reminded the young knight that it was the red cloak which made the turkey angry, and if he could borrow that, they could certainly get up a fight.

No sooner said than done. Emmy's red cloak



was donned, and flaunted around the lawn, but with no better success. The fowls with one accord declined the combat, and at length, wearied with these tame endeavors, our adventurers rode off toward the barn-yard, proposing to put up their horses, and have a jolly tumble in the straw heaps.

"Luck is like a horse-fly that never lights where it is expected." It rarely happens, either to children or grown people, that they find precisely what they seek for.

Beverly had been hunting for an exciting adventure all morning, but without success; he had now set his mind on having a jolly tumble in the barn-yard, and we shall see how his wishes were gratified.

No sooner had he passed the gate, than there arose a great commotion among the usually quiet cows collected there to be milked. As our hero approached them, they began to stare at him, snuff the air, paw the ground, and whisk their tails in a most unaccountable manner. Presently a little red cow named Taffy made a rush at Beverly, and setting her horns under his arms, gave him a toss which sent him flying into the air; his horse, sword, and hat scattering in opposite directions, while he, most luckily, lit in the horse-pond, chucked up to his chin in mud and water. Bill fled to the barn for safety or assistance, he could scarcely tell which, while the cow, with the red cloak dangling to her horn, ran prancing and bellowing around the yard.

Uncle Gabriel happening to be at hand, hastened to relieve the young knight from his embarrassing, not to say dangerous, position. He was unhurt bodily, but his clothes were dripping with liquid mud, and his pride so deeply wounded that he returned to the house, bellowing like a calf. His mother was greatly concerned, and tenderly anxious as usual; but his father laughed heartily, and declared it would be of great service to him. He had been watching his manoeuvres lately: "So you thrashed the gobbler, did you, and thought you would try your hand on the cow?"

Beverly protested that he had not touched the cow, and had no idea of provoking her. Mrs. Moreland thought the cow was vicious, and ought to be killed forthwith.

"By no means!" said papa. "She is an excellent milker, and when little gentlemen choose to go adventuring, and hang out red cloaks as a challenge to all the world, they must put up with the consequences."

For a day or two after this misadventure, Beverly was disposed to be rather sulky, and showed unseemly temper whenever the subject was alluded to. He told Bill privately that he had a mind to get the silver-hilted sword, and revenge himself on Taffy by killing her calf, which was confined in a pen near the barn. Indeed he

wasn't afraid of Taffy herself, and she could n't have tossed him into the pond, if she had n't meanly sneaked up behind him. "Dat was dis way," said Bill. "When she made a break at you, you runned — den she come arter you."

"I did n't run!" returned Beverly, reddening with anger.

"You was a travellin' faster 'an a walk," replied Bill, doggedly.

"You black tar pot," cried Beverly, in a rage.

"If I was white, Mass Bevy — you run all de same" — and Bill escaped into the kitchen, adroitly dodging several missiles that followed his flight.

After this ebullition, our little hero began to calm down, and there was for some time a most satisfactory change observable in his demeanor. He stayed more constantly with his mother and sister, and applied himself more diligently to his slate and spelling-book. He left off chasing and frightening the fowls and domestic animals, and sought a kindlier amusement in feeding and taming them. He made no more boastful speeches about papa's sword and pistols, but all his spirit and vivacity seemed to turn toward more proper and peaceful subjects. Whether or not these good results will be lasting, we will learn from future chapters of this history.

MY LAST ADVENTURE.

BY MASTER ROGER TREMBLE.

As soon as I take my degree
As a classical scholar perfected,
No sharp politician I'll be,
Asking favors of all the elected.
No learned profession my plan,
Nor trade, till my courage is blunter;
For surely, deny it who can?
The greatest of men is the hunter!

There's Cummings the bold lion-tamer,
And fearless, undaunted Gérard,
And Baldwin, by tigers made lamer,
And Speke with his *câmelopard*.
And one of those days 't will be Tremble, —
Most famous of all, I'll be bound, —
The great lion-smasher, young Tremble,
None equal to him the world round.

Already, I've tested my mettle:
No cat but will flee at my tread;
And let a mosquito but settle
And nip me — that instant he's dead!
Know also that only this morning
A terrible peril I met,
Coming quickly upon me — no warning —
(That hour shall I ever forget?)

'T was sunrise: of biscuit and honey
I'd made a delightful repast,
And, feeling quite happy and funny,
The garden was scampering past;
When, *presto!* a horrible creature
Came buzzing and diving at me,
Aiming straight at my favorite feature —
A horrible, black bumble-bee!

A horrible black humble bumble,
Bound straight for my beautiful nose ;
For an instant (I'll own) I did tumble,
But quickly in majesty rose.
Each childish emotion I swallowed,
Moving onward as fast as I could ;
The great buzzing monster, he followed
Till we came to a shadowy wood.

Ha ! what was that sharp thrill of anguish,
And what the great swelling that came ?
And why was I rushing and shouting —
The whole of my face in a flame ?
I knew that the buzzing was louder,
That my nose was as big as my head ;
I wanted to grind him to powder ;
I wished him a thousand times dead !

Blind battle ! my ev'ry-day jacket
Was tighter than steel coat of mail,
And the monster kept up such a racket,
I scarce knew his head from his tail.

He, plunging and wheeling and darting
And pitching and screeching at me ;
I, maddened with burning and smarting —
What wonder I dodged by a tree !

What wonder that soon, in his frenzy,
My murderous foe bumped his head !
The tree never tumbled nor tottered,
But *he* fell co-chunk in its stead.
Then I turned, in a terrible passion,
And stamped with my full might and main :
I stamped in the sledge-hammer fashion, —
My bee never bumped again !

Then why should I *not* be a hunter,
So gallant and fearless and spry ?
What other vocation would answer
For such a brave fellow as I ?
Ah ! woe to the beasts of the forest !
And woe to the monsters with wings !
For when all my studies are over,
I mean to do terrible things.

LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.

BY B. G.



As in all probability not one of my young readers has ever lived in a small Austrian town such as I shall describe, it may be interesting to them to know something of the manners and customs there, as in many respects they differ very much from ours.

A New England village changes from year to year, and in the course of time, grows, and is as different from its former self as the oak is from the acorn, while a German village remains the same from generation to generation. I doubt not that, if we were to return, we should find the same shops and the same signs,—the son almost invariably pursuing the trade of his father. In America, as you know, some of our greatest men have risen from the lower classes.

In the month of April, some years ago, we arrived with a small party of Americans in a town in Silesia, a province of Austria, and remained there long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the mode of life. You must let me tell you that Silesia was formerly governed by Dukes, but that Austria has had possession of a part of it for many years. Look on your map and you will find it in the northern part of Austria. It is very valuable, for it contains mines of lead, copper, and iron. We found rooms without carpets, and stoves instead of fire-places, and as it rained continually for some days, we regretted the beautiful land of Italy from which we had come, and felt inclined to shut our eyes to the dismal prospect, and our ears to the harsh language, which sounded like English run mad. But soon the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone brightly, and we found a great deal that was pleasant. We were surrounded by mountains, the air and water were very pure, and in our rambles we met with a greater variety of flowers than I have ever seen in one place in America.



[Cook.]

Here, our villages are usually built in a straight line; but there, a square is the favorite form. The town consisted of queer, Dutch-looking houses, built on four sides of a large inclosure, with the City Hall and market in the centre. In

this market, as we soon discovered, there were very nice things. Deer which were shot in the neighboring woods, hares in great abundance, a variety of game and trout brought from the mountain streams, glistening and flashing in large tanks of water. Then the strawberries were most abundant, as they ripened on different slopes of the hills all the summer, and were gathered by the peasants from May to November. I must not forget the *frogs*, for they were considered a great luxury. These little animals are, though it may seem strange to you, very cleanly. The hind legs only are eaten; these, fried in batter, taste like tender spring chickens. We found also cooks who were able to send up nice dishes from kitchens no larger than good-sized closets. One custom we did not like at all. The poultry and small animals were bought alive, and kept in a dark room to fatten. The door being often open, they walked about the entry, we became acquainted with them, and felt as if we were feasting on our friends. Once a lovely little kid was the victim; when he was served on the table, no one could eat a mouthful.

The Germans are very fond of flowers. They make their gardens pretty by planting large beds of the same kind. They also like dancing and music, and have what they call *flower feasts*, in which they show a great deal of taste. Shooting-matches are common, the men being excellent marksmen. All the poor peasants enter into these amusements. They have bands of music in their public gardens, dance in the open air, and now and then have balls for the different tradespeople, and even the washerwomen. These last are a hardy race, constantly seen by the side of running streams, washing in the clear water. They have no wash-boards, clothes-wringers, or any inventions such as we delight in; they slap their clothes on large stones, and make them very white, and when their day's work is done, they tie on their thick shoes, and clatter through a waltz or polka before going to bed.

We did not know the value of living in a free country till we went there. The Emperor of Austria has the misfortune of having been brought up to consider his will as law, and he is accustomed to having his own way in every thing. This is a dangerous power for any man to have. He makes his towns pleasant places for strangers to live in, for they are orderly, and the greatest care is taken of life and property; but, as I will show you, it is not so agreeable for the people themselves. The young men are obliged to go into the army when they are twenty-one,

unless they pay a large sum, and stay there some years, and this breaks up their studies and pursuits. The shop-keepers are taxed heavily for the privilege of selling lace, glass, and many other things; but the most teasing law was the one about the bakers. There were three allowed, and these could only bake in turn, so that they had to be idle, or employ themselves in other ways, two weeks out of the three. One man wished to be the chief baker, and heated his oven when it was not his turn. Do you remember that when Joseph was in Egypt, Pharaoh hanged his chief baker. The Austrian police were not so severe, but they took away all his loaves, which was a great loss to him, for he was, as you may imagine, not able to make much money. The peasants are very poor, and live in miserable huts, which have one roof covering both house

are accustomed to enormous fires. The women labor in the fields, and are very rough in their appearance. Indeed, the Silesians are an ugly people. Sometimes a Tyrolese peddler comes



[Washerwoman.]

and barn, so that their cattle are too near for comfort or cleanliness; but you must not suppose they are unhappy. They are a simple, kindly, temperate people, on good terms with each other, and very industrious.

A fire took place while we were there, and though only one small house was burned, it seemed to be considered the greatest of misfortunes. The Square was filled with men, women, and children, screaming, weeping, and wailing, appearing bewildered and helpless. This was a curious sight to Americans, who, unfortunately,



[Tyrolese Peddler.]

down from his hills, and brings his tempting goods into the town, and he is as different from them as a stag is from a plough horse.

Some of their customs are curious. The universal habit of kissing the hand is very tiresome. Not only the servants do this, morning and evening, but strangers run after you in the street, and seizing your arm, even should they have to lower a parasol, pull your hands out of a muff, or raise a cane, they salute you, saying, "*Ich kisse die hand*," — "I kiss your hand." You may find out afterward that it was your new washerwoman or tailor, or an actor who wished you to buy a ticket for his benefit night, or a singer who was to give a concert, or a beggar asking you for money. All make use of this expression of good will. You are not safe from the persecution in the house. In Silesia the houses are left open all day, and any one who fancies he has any business with you, comes in at all hours, repeating the never-ending "I kiss your hand."

On a certain day of the year, the men and boys have the privilege of whipping the women and girls. This gives rise to a great deal of noisy fun amongst the lower classes. To a stranger this custom is curious, and sometimes disagree-

able. An English lady told me that while she was at her desk writing to her mother, and thinking of nothing but her home, she suddenly felt the stroke of a rod on her shoulder. Looking up, she saw that three boys had come in noiselessly, and were all striking her with twigs. In great alarm she screamed for help, but she was alone in the house. She soon found they did not mean to injure her. She scolded in English, they answered in German. Provoked at their impertinence, and not able to understand them, she exerted all her strength, and drove them, screaming with laughter, from the room. As soon as the family returned, she complained bitterly of the insult, but her landlady only smiled, and told her it was *whipping-day*. Some other time is set apart for the women and girls to whip the men and boys. The first of April is a great holiday, and the number of April fools is uncommonly large.

Fairs are held twice a year in the open air. Booths are put up all about the Square, but there are very few pretty things for sale. I think you would not be tempted to spend your money ex-

cept for the beautiful glass-ware which comes from Bohemia, not very far off, and which is of all colors and forms. You might also like the straw boxes which are made by the peasants. The straw is split and skillfully pasted on paper boxes, and colored in pretty patterns. Beyond these two articles, and lovely bouquets of flowers, there is nothing tempting. Hob-nailed shoes, thick socks, coarse clothes and linen, are the principal articles. Flax is cultivated to a great extent, and much linen manufactured. From the hills you see the green meadows covered with large strips, bleaching, looking as if giants lived in the woods, and were expected to dinner. It would amuse you to see the peasant girls, with bright red handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and the old women with helmets made of gold and silver wire, looking at a distance as if they had bird-cages on.

I hope it may be as pleasant to my young readers to hear about the mountains, brooks, flowers in Silesia, and the customs of the simple-hearted peasantry of a German village, as it is to me to recall the eighteen months passed there.

HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROUTE.

As soon as the boys returned to Tarrytown, they embraced the first opportunity to get out their maps and their gazetteer, in order to examine the different routes by which they might proceed in journeying to the White Mountains. By looking at any map of that part of the United States which lies to the east of the Hudson River, you will see that the great and principal feature of the country is the Valley of the Connecticut River.

In looking at a map with reference to a journey which you propose to take for pleasure, you must not regard the State lines and other political divisions; for these things, though they look very conspicuous upon the map, are not seen at all in travelling over the country. That which we actually see on our journey, and in which the pleasure of the journey, so far as the country which we pass over, is concerned, are the rivers, the lakes, the forests, the mountains, and the

towns; and to make the journey an agreeable one, we must plan it mainly in reference to these.

August and Elvie found, on examining the map, that the river Connecticut traversed the whole country from north to south, with branch rivers flowing into it from the mountains on each side bordering the broad valley through which it flowed. The river, as they saw by the map, flowed between New Hampshire and Vermont, then across Massachusetts, then across Connecticut, until at length it reached the sea, or rather the waters of Long Island Sound.

In looking at the map, you must picture to yourself a broad and shallow valley bordered by hills and mountains on each side, in the midst of which the river flows throughout all this distance. This is the famous Valley of the Connecticut, which is one of the most fertile and luxuriant, as well as one of the richest and most populous, regions in America. Parallel to the Valley of the Connecticut, and farther to the west, is the Valley of the Hudson, which is likewise a beautiful valley, but it is narrower than that of the Connecti-

ent. Each of these valleys has a railroad extending along the whole length of it, close to the margin of the water.

The principal question which the boys had to consider was, whether they should at once cross over from the Valley of the Hudson, where their journey was to commence, to the Valley of the Connecticut, and so follow up the latter valley, till they were opposite the White Mountains; or whether they should go up the Valley of the Hudson as far as to Albany or Troy, and cross over to the Valley of the Connecticut at that point, where the country was more mountainous and romantic. As you will see by the map, in going over from Troy to the Valley of the Connecticut they would pass through the western part of Massachusetts, which is the region of Berkshire County, one of the most romantic and charming regions in New England.

"If we go over to the Connecticut River at once," said August, "so as to strike it at Hartford, we shall then have a hundred miles to go up the river, through a region of rich green fields, and fertile intervalles, and charming villages, most of the country consisting of smooth and level land. But if we go up the Hudson, and cross over through Berkshire, we shall find wild and winding roads among the mountains, with brooks and waterfalls."

"Trout brooks?" asked Elvie.

"Very likely," said August.

"Then let us go by Berkshire," said Elvie.

"Besides, I like better to ride by winding roads among the mountains, than on straight and level roads through green fields."

So it was decided to go by the way of Berkshire County.

On reflecting further upon this subject, the boys finally concluded not to begin their horseback journey until they reached Troy, but to go up the Hudson River, horses and all, by one of the steamboats. Elvie's principal inducement for wishing to adopt this plan, was to get sooner among the mountains.

When this was finally decided upon, it was concluded that the two little horses should not be sent to Tarrytown at all, but that the boys should go down to New York on Monday morning, and after finishing their purchases and other arrangements there, take the horses with them on board the steamer for Troy that evening, with a view of commencing the land journey from the latter place on Tuesday morning.

Accordingly, when Monday morning came, they went to New York, carrying the clothes

which they were to take with them, in a trunk. They found the two valises, which were to be strapped behind the saddles, all ready for them at Mr. Grant's house in Grammercy Park. These valises were of leather, and were made of such a form that they could be secured by straps behind the saddles, or carried in the hand into a railroad car, in case the boys should have occasion to perform a part of their journey in that way.

The boys took out their clothes from the trunk and packed them in the valises. Each of them was provided with a complete change of linen, and also of other clothes, a pair of slippers, a night-gown, and a light great-coat to wear in case the day should be cool. There was room also in each valise for the thin India-rubber coat, and also for sundry small articles which it was thought might be required on the way; such as a drinking cup, match-box, implements for writing and drawing, fishing apparatus, and a curious tool that Elvie called a saw-knife, which consisted of a wooden handle, with a long, narrow saw-blade, made to shut up into the handle like the blade of a knife. This saw was intended to be used in the woods in case it should be necessary to cut off branches of trees to make a camp, if any work of that sort should be required. The principal use which Elvie intended to make of this saw, however, was to cut fishing-poles, in case they should find any place to fish, where such poles as could be cut from the woods near would be of service.

CHAPTER V

GOING ON BOARD.

THE steamer was to leave the pier that evening at six o'clock for Troy.

"We had better set out from the house at five o'clock," said August, "so as to get the ponies on board before the confusion begins."

"Let us go at half-past four," said Elvie.

Elvie's desire to go at the earliest possible hour was not owing to any fear he had of the confusion, but from an eagerness to set off from home on his journey as soon as possible. Besides, if there was to be an hour to spare, he would much rather spend it on board the steamboat, where he could amuse himself with what was going on, than remain in his father's parlors, which, though very grand and splendid, were,

according to Elvie's ideas, exceedingly wearisome and dull.

Accordingly at half-past four the two little horses were brought up to the door of Mr. Grant's house, by a stable-boy, from Mr. Martin's. Mr. Grant's coachman brought down the valises and strapped them on behind the two saddles. The boys then mounted the ponies, and nodding good-by to the servants that had assembled around the area door to witness their departure, and to bid them good-by, they set forth on their journey. The coachman, mounted upon one of Mr. Grant's horses, accompanied them, in order to assist them if they should require any assistance in getting on board the steamer.



When they reached the pier, they found every thing pretty quiet there, on account of their arriving at so early an hour. The hands belonging to the boat were taking in freight, it is true, and the smoke which was issuing from the smoke pipe indicated that the firemen were getting up steam.

There was a broad plank leading across from the pier to the forward part of the steamer, and another one aft. August led the way to the former, for he knew very well that all animals taken on board steamers were provided with quarters on the forward deck. When he and Elvie

reached the plank they dismounted. There was a man standing near it on an elevated part of the deck, with a blank book in his hand in which he seemed to be making entries of the boxes and bales which the men were hoisting on board.

"Are those ponies to go on board?" said he, addressing August.

August answered that they were to go.

"Joe," said the man, calling out to one of the hands, "come and take these two ponies over the plank."

Joe came, and taking the bridle of Hunter, August's pony, in his hands, led the horse across. Hunter made some little objection to going, but on the whole, he behaved very well. Joe then came back to get Tom. Now Tom was younger than Hunter, and more timid and frisky, and he was determined at first that he would not go. As soon as he reached the end of the plank and found that Joe was going on over it, he began to pull back with all his force. A man behind pushed him and slapped him on the back, but Tom pranced about and pulled in every direction, being fully determined not to go.

"Come, come! Bear a hand there with that pony, boys!" said the man with the blank book. "Don't be all day getting such a thing as that on board. Take him right up under your arm, Joe, and carry him over."

The men around all laughed at this joke, and Hunter, who had now been fastened and left to himself in a quiet place near the fore-castle, looked over his shoulder to see what had become of Tom, and neighed long and loud.

The men, stimulated by the mate's taunt, redoubled their efforts, and whether it was that he was urged on by this new energy in driving him, or that his fears were somewhat allayed at hearing Hunter's voice, Tom made little more objection, but went over the plank with a scramble and a bound, and came safely on board.

He was soon securely tied with a rope near to Hunter, two very broad planks having been previously placed there for them to stand upon, to prevent their marring the deck by the sharp points of their shoes. August and Elvie took off the saddles and bridles, and stowed them away in a safe place among the baggage on the deck, leaving the ponies tied by rope halters. They themselves then proceeded aft toward the cabin, taking their valises with them in their hands.

It was now a full hour before the time for the steamer to sail. The boys roamed about the cabins and the decks, and watched the movements and operations going on among the boats

and shipping near them. Elvie went forward several times to see how the ponies were getting on. He had felt quite indignant at hearing the officer speak so disrespectfully of Tom, proposing to Joe to take him up under his arm and carry him on board, and he went up to where Hunter and he were standing, and began to pat him upon the shoulder. Tom looked round, and perceiving that they were friendly pats that Elvie was giving him, seemed much pleased.

"Tom," said Elvie, "how do you like the steamboat? They'll give you some supper, I suppose, Tom, by and by, after we get under way."

There was a man near by at this time, who was engaged in sweeping off the deck. Elvie, in order to make sure that the ponies would have their suppers, turned to this man, and said, —

"You'll give these horses something to eat by and by, I suppose?"

"No," said the man, still going on with his sweeping.

"Why not?" asked Elvie.

The man went on sweeping for a moment without answering.

"Why not?" asked Elvie again.

"The man what cooks the supper for the horses has gone ashore," said the sweeper.

Elvie saw at once that the man was making game of him, and so he went away. But presently meeting another man, who seemed from his appearance to be of a grade somewhat higher than the other, and who he supposed might be expected to be more civil, he asked him whether the men would not give those horses something to eat by and by.

"No," said the man. "Horses that take passage with us in the steamer, find themselves."

So saying, he walked away.

Elvie immediately went to find August, and reported the state of the case to him, with quite an anxious and troubled air. August told him that it would not hurt the horses to go six hours without food, especially in the night, when they would perhaps be asleep half of the time. But Elvie was not satisfied. He said that even if they were not hungry they would get very tired of standing tied up there so long with nothing to do, and that they ought to have something to eat if it was for nothing but to amuse them. He was quite earnest to go on shore to buy them something to eat. There would be time, he said, before the steamer sailed. "We can find some place or other where we can buy them some oats," said he, "if we can't get any hay."

"We had better buy a loaf of bread for them," said August.

"Will horses eat bread?" asked Elvie.

"Certainly," said August. "Their natural food is grain, and bread is made of grain ground and baked. The horses like it all the better for being cooked. In Switzerland they bake a kind of bread expressly for horses."

Elvie was greatly pleased with the idea of getting some bread for Tom, and so he and August went ashore to see if they could find some. They came very soon to a shop where bread of different sorts was for sale, and they bought two loaves, for two cents each, of the coarsest and cheapest kind there was in the shop. They returned on board the steamer with this forage about fifteen minutes before the time for the steamer to sail.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUPPERS.

"AUGUST," said Elvie, "we'll wait until we get well under way before we give Hunter and Tom their supper. That will divide the time better for them."

August approved of this arrangement, and Elvie stowed away the two loaves of bread upon a little shelf in his berth, by the side of his valise.

About half an hour after this the bell rang for the passengers' supper. August and Elvie followed the rest of the passengers into the cabin below, where they found two very long tables set for supper, and loaded with every imaginable luxury. There were ample supplies of tea and coffee, and hot rolls, and cakes of every kind, and preserves, and fruit, to say nothing of the more substantial viands, which consisted of beef-steaks, chops, fried veal, ham and eggs, and other such dishes, which appeared at intervals along the tables, — each with a little spirit lamp burning under it to keep it hot. The whole room, in fact, presented a most brilliant and gorgeous appearance, being splendidly lighted with lamps, whose effulgence brought out very conspicuously to view the curtains and carvings and gildings of the cabin, and the shining rows of silver plate, and the tall vases of flowers that garnished the table.

"We shall see some very different scenes from this at some of our suppers, when we are going over the mountains," said August.

"Yes," replied Elvie, "I think we shall."

"Especially if we get lost some night," said August, "and have to camp out in the woods."

After supper the boys went to Elvie's berth to get the loaves of bread. They took these loaves with them up to the deck, and then proceeded forward toward the place where the horses had been tied. It was now after dark, but the deck of the steamer was brilliantly lighted. Thus, although they had rather a narrow passage-way to pass through — the space being hemmed in with trunks, and heaps of boxes, bales, and barrels, on one side, and doors leading into various little rooms belonging to the ship's company, on the other — they had no difficulty in making their way.

When they reached the forepart of the deck, they came out to a place which was all open to the sky, and from which, by looking off over the water, they could see lights in the vessels which were lying at anchor on the river, and in the houses along the shore. They made their way forward, past a heap of baggage covered with a huge tarpaulin, and at length they came to the place on the forward-deck where Hunter and Tom were tied. Near by was a group of Irish emigrants, who were sitting and lying in all attitudes upon the trunks and boxes, and on the decks.

August and Elvie began to cut up the loaves of bread with their pocket-knives. They cut them into long strips for convenience of handing them to the horses, so as to avoid the danger of getting their fingers bitten by the horses seizing the bread too eagerly. The horses seemed to like the bread very much indeed. Tom looked at Elvie at every mouthful that he took, with a countenance that expressed quite an affectionate feeling. From this time forth he recognized Elvie as his master, and began to feel a strong attachment to him.

August and Elvie were feeding each one his own horse at the same time, though somewhat out of sight of each other, as the two horses stood between them. On Elvie's side was a family of emigrants, at a little distance from where the horses stood. They were somewhat under shelter, being protected by a portion of the promenade-deck which projected over the main-deck at the place where they were lying. There were one or two very young children among them, and besides these there was a boy of about seven years of age, who came forward a few steps to see Elvie feed the horses. After looking on in silence a few minutes, he ventured to speak.

"Gi' me a piece of bread," said he.

Elvie took pity upon him immediately, and for the rest of the time, as long as the loaf lasted, he fed Tom and the boy both, giving each of them a mouthful in his turn. Tom looked at the boy quite intently when Elvie gave him a piece of the bread.

"You don't grudge this poor boy a part of your supper, Tom, I know," said Elvie. Tom of course said nothing in reply, but Elvie thought he looked as if he made no objection, and so he went on feeding the boy alternately with Tom, to the end.

There was another boy, much older, who came up about this time, to see what was going on. He was without any jacket, and had a handspike in his hands with which he had apparently been doing some work.

"Is them little horses yourn?" said he to Elvie.

"Yes," replied Elvie, "one of them is mine."

"What makes you feed them with bread?" asked the boy.

"Because I have not got anything else to feed them with," said Elvie.

The boy uttered an inarticulate sound by way of reply, and stood pondering on the case, when Elvie added, —

"And now I wish I had something to give them to drink."

"There's plenty of water alongside," said the boy.

"Yes," said Elvie, "but how am I to get it up?"

"I can draw you up a bucketful if you like," said the boy.

"August!" exclaimed Elvie. "Don't you think we had better give our horses some drink? This boy says he can draw us some water."

"By all means," said August.

So the boy went to get the bucket. He soon returned, bringing the bucket in one hand and a coil of rope, one end of which was secured to the bail of the bucket, in the other. The boy went to the side of the steamer, and there leaning over and holding the end of the rope firmly in one hand, he dropped the bucket down to the water from the other, and presently drew it up nearly full. In this way he first gave Tom, and afterwards Hunter, a good drink. The horses liked the water very well, for by this time the steamer had proceeded so far up the river as to be beyond the influence of the sea, especially as the tide was running out at this time, and the water was fresh and pure.

Elvie wished to draw up the second bucketful himself, but the boy would not allow him to do it.

"No, no!" said he, eagerly, "you must not do it."

"Why not?" asked Elvie.

"The water would twitch the bucket away from you," said the boy, "and carry it right down under the paddle-wheel, and then there would be the blazes to pay. We never trust a

bucket over the side in the hands of such a greenhorn as you."

Elvie was indignant at being called a greenhorn. His resentment was in fact so great as entirely to sweep away the sentiment of gratitude which he would otherwise have felt toward the boy. August was, however, more just. He gave the boy two three-cent pieces to reward him for the service that he had rendered them.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

BY M. S. B., JR

CHRISTMAS was over in Mount Royal. The young folks, and the old folks too, had shared in the gifts of Santa Claus, and the house was full of toys, candy, and motto papers. Sometimes our old friend has been almost too liberal, so that we have had to have doctors and other disagreeable things around the house for days after; but this time he was prudent and skillful enough to bring just enough candy for us all to have an abundant feast, and not enough to make any one sick. The advantage of this was, that at Lake Farm we all felt just as well the next day as we did Christmas, — perhaps even better, — for as we looked over our presents the next morning, some of them did seem nicer than when they first came. This was especially so with one of my presents, a little book of poetry, called "Snow Bound," describing a great snow-storm that came when the author was young, and telling how the house and roads were all drifted in, and what they did and how they lived. I dare say many of you have read it; those who are fond of poetry will admire it for its beauty; and almost any one can enjoy its pleasant descriptions of old-fashioned New England country life.

While we were reading this aloud at intervals, whenever we could all get together, our old enemy, Boreas, was mustering his forces, — that old tyrant that comes on the wings of the wind from the frozen regions of the far Northwest, — driving before him dark masses of broken clouds, and rushing on, like the blustering barbarian that he is, to devastate the more favored regions to which he comes. He drew reinforcements, too, from Hrym, the Frost Giant that you have read about in the "Riverside," and who always helps him in these raids. Before we finished the book, the

enemy was upon us, Boreas roaring and shouting around the house as if he was on all sides at once, and the white legions of Hrym's magic army of snow-flakes falling upon all our fortifications together. We met them in our works, our forces guarding every point, and keeping up such a fire that they could not get in or drive us out.

Even in our house, there was one place where our enemies got the better of us. The back part of our house at Lake Farm is a long, low building, never very tight, and showing marks of the former attacks of Boreas, in many a gaping crack and knot-hole. It is tight enough for a wood-house; the wood seasons all the better for being open to the air. Overhead there is a loft piled with old chairs, sap-tubs, broken sleds, and such rubbish. This then was the weak point in our defenses, and just here Boreas and his forces seemed to throw double energy into their attack. We could almost fancy we heard the old fellow himself rushing to the onset, shouting that he had swept victoriously over the whole continent from Alaska to Mount Royal, and was not going to be baffled by any such little shanty as Lake Farm. And so his white-coated soldiers crowded in at every crack and cranny, falling in light clouds on every box and barrel and heap of rubbish, covering the piles of wood all out of sight, and building great blockading drifts across the whole walking space of the room. We could hold our own in the rest of the house, but out in this back building we were fairly beaten, and Hrym and Boreas had things all their own way. They played some curious tricks, too. When we came to invade this conquered territory, trying to recover possession of it, we found surpris-

ing shapes and sights. There was a white mass hanging from the beam overhead, looking like a ham, only twice as big. When we poked this to pieces, the centre which supported it was a bit of rope with a wooden hook at the bottom—all the rest was half a bushel of snow. Every string or straw that hung down was covered, on a smaller scale, in the same way. Here is a mighty drift, with a round smooth surface; dig into it and you will find our corn-box inside. "What is that round pile in the middle of the floor?" A stout kick reveals a sap-tub as the nucleus. And all around, fringing every clap-board, and tipping the end of every stick on the great wood-piles, is a border of fleecy lace, white and glittering like fairy work, all built up of the interlacing crystals of Hym's beautiful productions, such as were pictured in the "Riverside" last February.

So long as Boreas was around so fiercely, we let the snow keep full possession; but when he retired, we made some small attempts to expel the snowy garrison that he had left. That is, we dug up and threw out a few bushels, so as to make walks to the most necessary points. Still, most of it might have stayed till Spring, if it had not been for another circumstance. One morning the steaming soapy smell announced to all at Lake Farm that it was *washing-day*. That was all right, of course, for we know that washing-day must come, just as surely as death or taxes; but this time something was the matter, and soon, with gloomy looks, the girls proclaimed that the cistern was empty. The washing was only just begun; there was plenty of beautiful clear spring water running from a spout in one corner of the kitchen, but that was *hard* water, and they must have *soft* water for washing. However, we had plenty of soft water close by—even the snow which had invaded our domains, and which we could thus make useful instead of troublesome. So we made a fire under the big twenty-gallon kettle in the back room, and then while my little cousin Jamie kept up the fire, I attacked the drifts. Cutting out great white blocks, or filling bushel baskets with the fragments, we kept piling it into the kettle, while the flame was roaring underneath to melt it down. It was slow work, but we found it excellent fun to heap up the snow till there was as much on top as there was in the kettle, and then to sit and watch it slowly settling down lower and lower, till it was all wet and "sloshy," a soaked mass floating in the water. Jamie is not a very large boy, but he thinks a good deal about what

he sees. He was surprised to find that, when the snow was all melted, after the fire had been heating it for an hour or so, the water was just as cold as the snow that we put in. He found that so long as there was any snow left, the heat would go to melt that, rather than to heat the water. "See here," said he to his father, who was passing; "we have been heating this for an hour, and it is just as cold now as it was at first. Why does n't it get hot?" He knew that the heat had gone to make the snow into water; but it puzzled him, as it has many others, to understand how the heat could be going into the melting mass all the time, and yet not make it any warmer. Uncle Horace could not explain very well how it was, but could only tell him that it always was so: that whenever any thing is melted, a certain amount of heat is used up or taken into the substance, without making it any warmer; and men who have studied the matter have called this heat *latent*, that is, *hidden*, because it disappears from our feeling. That is, this *latent* heat is heat without warmth.

"Well then," said Jamie, "why do you call it heat at all, if it does not make any thing hot?" I thought it was not very correct to call it so; but Uncle Horace said,—"You know that if you took this water and set it in a cold place, where it would be giving out heat all the time, as soon as it had lost enough, it would begin to turn back to ice again, and when it had lost all the heat we have given it now, it would all be ice. So you see it is heat when it goes in, and it is heat when it comes out, and I don't know but we may as well call it heat while it is in, even if it is hidden away so that we cannot feel it."

Our kettle full of snow, all heaped up, did not look much when it was melted. It did not make half a kettle of water; but we kept on piling in the snow as fast as it melted, till the kettle was full of water. Then we dipped it out in pails and poured it down into the cistern. "Oh! what dirty stuff it is," cried Jamie. "I'm sure that spring water in the reservoir is ever so much cleaner and nicer than this. Why don't they wash with that, and not bother with melting snow, and get such dirty water after all?" I tried to explain that *clean* water was not always *pure*: he knew that, for we had been talking last Sunday about the Dead Sea, whose water is beautifully clear and sparkling, while it is so salt and bitter that nothing can live in it. But surely this spring water was not like that. "No," said Uncle Horace, "there is not much of other things in this water; but you know it is what we call

'hard' water: that is, if you try to wash in it with soap, it will not make any good suds, but the soap will curdle up and feel harsh to your hands, not smooth and slippery as it ought to. The reason is that the water, in filtering through the earth from where it fell as rain to where it came out as a spring, has taken up a little lime and other such things, and these prevent the soap from dissolving."—"I don't see how," said Jamie; and none of us could tell him; for in studying the works of God, either in Providence or in Nature, we can seldom find out more than just what is, without being able to see why or how.

"But then, father, what makes this snow-water so dirty? The kettle was clean, for we rubbed it out ourselves; and the snow that we put in was beautifully white: I heard Sister Maria call it the 'emblem of innocence.'"

"Well," said Uncle Horace, "that sort of talk does very well for poetry, but it does n't agree with the fact. Here, suppose you fill this tin cup with the whitest snow you can find; crowd it in tight, all it will hold; and then we'll melt

it in the stove." So Jamie filled the cup with white clean snow, and melted it—and the water was very far indeed from being clean or clear. Jamie looked puzzled.

"It must be in the snow," he said, "but it does n't show there a bit."—"Look at this handful," said I; "look close, and see if you can find any dirt."—"Yes, here are some little specks, but nothing of any consequence."—"How much of the snow can you see?"—"Only the outside, of course."—"Well, if you see *some* dirt on the outside, of course you would see very much more if you could look right through it, as you can through the water, and see all the dirt at once. And as it takes three or four pailfuls of snow to make one of water, you can see that all the dirt in the water may easily have been in the snow."

And so we unanimously voted that Miss Maria's "emblem of innocence" was more truly an "emblem of hypocrisy," showing very fair and white on the outside, while its whole substance was full of impurity.

GRISELDA GOOSE.

BY PHÆBE CARY

NEAR to a farm-house, and bordered round
By a meadow, sweet with clover,
There lay as clear and smooth a pond
As ever a goose swam over.

The farmer had failures in corn and hops,
From drought and various reasons;
But his geese had never failed in their crops
In the very worst of seasons.

And he had a flock, that any day
Could defy all sneers and slanders;
They were certainly handsome,—that is to say,
They were handsome for geese and ganders!

And, once upon a time, in spring,
A goose hatched out another,—
The softest, cunningest, downiest thing,
That ever gladdened a mother.

There never was such a gosling born,—
So the geese cried out by dozens;
She was praised and petted, night and morn,
By aunts, and uncles, and cousins.

She must have a name with a lofty sound,
Said all, when they beheld her;
So they proudly led her down to the pond
And christened her, Griselda!

Now you think, no doubt, such love and pride
Must perfectly content her;
That she grew to goosehood satisfied
To be what Nature meant her.

But folk with gifts will find it out,
Though the world neglects that duty;
And a lovely female will seldom doubt,
Though others may, her beauty!

And if she had thought herself a fright,
And been content with her station,
She would n't have had a story to write,
Nor I, my occupation.

But indeed the truth compels me to own,
Whoever may be offended,
That my heroine's vanity was shown
Ere her gosling days were ended.



When the mother tried to teach the art
Of swimming to her daughter,
She said that she did n't like to start,
Because it ruffled the water.

"My stars!" cried the parent, "do I dream,
Or do I rightly hear her?
Can it be she would rather sit still on the stream,
Than spoil her beautiful mirror?"

Yet, if any creature could be so fond
Of herself, as to reach insanity,
A goose, who lives on a glassy pond,
Has most excuse for such vanity!

And I do not agree with those who said
They would glory in her disgraces;
Hers is n't the only goose's head
That ever was turned by praises.

And Griselda swallowed all their praise:
Though she said to her doting mother,
"Still, a goose is a goose, to the end of her
days,
From one side of the world to the other!

"And as to my name, it is well enough
To say, or sing, or whistle;
But you just wait till I'm old and tough,
And you'll see they will call me, Gristle!"

So she went, for the most of the time, alone,
Because she was such a scoffer;
And, awful to tell! she was nearly grown
Before she received an offer!

"Nobody will have her, that is clear,"
Said those who spitefully eyed her;
Though they knew every gander, far and near,
Was dying to waddle beside her.

And some of those that she used to slight,
Now come to matronly honor,
Began to feel that they had a right
To quite look down upon her.

And some she had jilted were heard to declare,
"I do not understand her;
And I should n't wonder, and should n't care,
If she never got a gander!"

But she said so all could overhear, —
And she hoped their ears might tingle, —
"If she could n't marry above their sphere,
She preferred remaining single!"

She was praised and flattered to her face,
And blamed when she was not present;
And between her friends and foes, her place
Was any thing but pleasant.

One day she learned what gave her a fright,
And a fit of deep dejection;
And she said to herself, that come what might,
She would cut the whole connection.

The farmer's wife to the geese proposed,
Their spending the day in the stable;
And the younger ones, left out, supposed
She would set an extra table.

So they watched and waited till day was done,
With curiosity burning;
For it was n't till after set of sun,
That they saw them back returning.

Slowly they came, and each was bowed
As if some disgrace was upon her;
They did n't look as those who are proud
Of an unexpected honor!

Each told the naked truth: 't was a shock,
But who, that saw, could doubt her?
They had plucked the pluckiest goose of the
flock,
Of all the down about her.

Said Miss Griselda, "That's my doom,
If I stay another season;"
So she thought she'd leave her roosting room;
And I think she had some reason.

Besides, there was something else she feared,
For oft, in a kind of flurry,
A goose mysteriously disappeared,
And did n't come back in a hurry.

And scattered afterwards on the ground, —
Such things there is no mistaking, —
Familiar looking bones were found,
Which set her own a quaking.

She said, "There is danger if I stay,
From which there are none exempted;
So, though I perish in getting away,
The thing shall be attempted."

And, perfectly satisfied about
Her claims to a foreign mission,
She slipped away, and started out
On a secret expedition.

And oh ! how her bosom swelled with pride ;
 How eager hope upbore her ;
 As floating down the stream, she spied
 A broad lake spread before her.

And bearing towards her, fair and white,
 The pleasant breezes courting,
 A flock of swans came full in sight,
 On the crystal waters sporting.

She saw the lake spread clear and wide,
 And the rich man's stately dwelling,
 And felt the thrill of hope and pride
 Her very gizzard swelling.

"These swans," she said, "are quite unknown,
 Even to their ranks and stations ;
 Yet I think I need not fear to own
 Such looking birds for relations.

"Besides, no birds that walk on lawns
 Are made for common uses ;
 Men do not take their pick of swans
 In the way they do of *gooses*.

"Blanche Swan ! I think I'll take that name,
 Nor be ashamed to wear it ;
 Griselda Goose ! that sounds so tame
 And low, I cannot bear it !"

Thought she, the brave deserve to win,
 And only they can do it :
 So she made her plan, and sailed right in,
 Determined to go through it.

Straight up she went to the biggest swan,
 The one who talked the loudest ;
 For she knew the secret of getting on
 Was standing up with the proudest.

"Madam," she said, "I am glad you're home,
 And I hope to know you better ;
 You're an aunt of mine, I think, but I come
 With an introductory letter."

Then she fumbled, and said, "I've lost the
 thing !
 No matter ! I can quote it ;
 And here's the pen," and she raised her wing,
 "With which Lord Swansdown wrote it.

"Of course you never heard of me,
 As I'm rather below your station ;
 But a lady famed like yourself, you see,
 Is known to all creation."

Then to herself the old swan said,
 "Such talk 's not reprehensible ;
 Indeed, for a creature country-bred,
 She's very shrewd and sensible."

Griselda saw how her flattery took,
 And cried, on the silence breaking,
 "You see I have the family look,
 My neck there is no mistaking.

"It does n't compare with yours ; you know
 I've a touch of the democracy ;
 While your style and manner plainly show
 Your perfect aristocracy."

Such happy flattery did the thing :
 Though the young swans doubtfully eyed
 her,
 My Lady took her under her wing,
 And kept her close beside her.

And Griselda tried at ease to appear,
 And forget the home she had quitted ;
 For she told herself, she had reached a sphere
 At last, for which she was fitted.

Though she had some fits of common sense,
 And at times grew quite dejected ;
 For she was n't deceived by her own pretense,
 And she knew what others suspected.

If ever she went alone to stray,
 Some pert young swan, to tease her,
 Would ask, in a patronizing way,
 If their poor home did n't please her ?

Sometimes, when a party went to sail
 On the lake, in pleasant weather,
 As if she was not within the pale,
 She was left out altogether.

And then she would take a haughty tone,
 As if she scorned them, maybe ;
 But often she hid in the weeds alone,
 And cried like a homesick baby.

One day when she had gone to her room,
 With the plea, that she was ailing,
 They asked some rather gay birds to come
 For the day, and try the sailing.

But they said, "She will surely hear the stir,
 So we'll have to let her know it ;
 Of course we are all ashamed of her,
 But it will not do to show it."

So one of them went to her, and said,
 With a sort of stately rustle :
 " I suppose you would rather spare your head
 Than join in our noise and bustle !

" If you wish to send the slightest excuse,
 I'll be very happy to take it ;
 And I hope you're not such a little goose
 As to hesitate to make it ! "

Too well Griselda understood ;
 And said, " Though my pain's distressing,
 I think the change will do me good,
 And I do not mind the dressing."

"T was the "little goose" that made her mad,
 So mad she would n't refuse her ;
 Though she saw from the first how very glad
 Her friend would be to excuse her.

She had overdone the thing, poor swan !
 As her ill success had shown her ;
 Shot quite beyond the mark, and her gun
 Recoiled and hit the owner.

" Don't you think," she cried, " I've done my
 best,
 But, as sure as I'm a sinner,
 That little dowdy, frightfully drest,
 Is coming down to dinner !

" I tried in every way to show
 That I thought it an impropriety ;
 But I s'pose the creature does n't know
 The manners of good society ! "

Griselda thought, " If it comes to that,
 With the weapon she takes, I'll meet her.
 She's sharp, but I'll give her tit for tat,
 And I think that I can beat her."

So she came among them quite at ease ;
 By her very look contriving
 To say, " I'm certain there's nothing could please
 You so much, as my arriving."

And her friend contrived to whisper low,
 As she made her genuflexion :
 " A country cousin of ours, you know ;
 A very distant connection !

" She has n't much of an air, you see,
 And is rather new to the city ;
 Aunt took her up quite from charity,
 And keeps her just from pity."

But Griselda paid her, fair and square,
 For all her sneers and scorning ;
 And " the *fête* was quite a successful affair," —
 So the papers said next morning.

And yet she cried at the close of day,
 Till the lake almost ran over,
 To think what a price she had to pay
 To get into a sphere above her.

" Alas ! " she said, " that our common sense
 Should be lost when others flatter ;
 I was born a goose, and no pretense
 Will change or help the matter ! "

At last she did nothing but mope and fret,
 And think of effecting a clearance ;
 She got as low as a lady can get, —
 She did n't regard her appearance !

She got her pretty pink slippers soiled,
 By wearing them out in bad weather ;
 And, as for her feathers, they were not oiled,
 Sometimes, for a week together.

Had she seen just how to bring it about,
 She would have left in a minute ;
 But she found it was harder, getting out
 Of trouble than getting in it.

She looked down at the fish with envious
 eyes,
 Because each mother's daughter,
 Content in her element, never tries
 To keep her head above water !

She wished she was, by some good luck,
 Turned into a salmon finny ;
 Into a chicken, or into a duck :
 She wished herself in Guinea.

One day the Keeper came to the lake,
 And if he did n't dissemble,
 She saw that to her he meant to take,
 In a way that made her tremble.

With a chill of fear her feathers shook,
 Although to her friend she boasted
 He had such a warm, admiring look,
 That she feared she should be roasted ;

And that, for very modesty's sake,
 Since nothing else could shield her,
 She would go to the other end of the lake,
 And stay till the night concealed her.

So, taking no leave, she stole away,
And nobody cared, or missed her;
But the geese on the pond were surprised, next
day,

By the sight of their missing sister.

She told them she strayed too far and got lost;
And though being from home had pained her,
Some wealthy friends that she came across,
Against her will, detained her.

But it leaked from the lake, or a bird of the air
Had carried to them the matter;
For even before her, her story was there,
And they all looked doubtfully at her.

Poor Griselda! unprotected, alone,
By their slights and sneers was nettled;
For all the friends that her youth had known
Were respectably married and settled;

Or all but one, — a poor old coot,
That she used to scorn for a lover;
He was shabbier now, and had lost a foot,
That a cart-wheel had run over.

But she said, "There is but one thing to be
done

For stopping sneers and slanders;
For a lame excuse is better than none,
And so is the lamest of ganders!"

So she married him, and I'm bound to say
Her state was a little better;
Though I heard her friend say yesterday
To another one, who met her, —

"Oh, I saw old Gristle Goose to-night, —
Of course I did not seek it;
I suppose she is, really, Mrs. White,
Though it sticks in my crop to speak it!"

KALEIDOSCOPIES AND BURGLARS.

TING-A-LING-A-LING! Ting-a-ling-a —

Ah, what a rushing and scrambling there was,
all in an instant! We were in the dining-room,
— the children and I, — and sister Sophie had
begged me to keep them as quiet as possible until
the bell in the parlor should be rung. For five
whole minutes the story of "Sinbad the Sailor"
had held them spell-bound; now, all I could do
was to stare hopelessly, as they ran out helter-
skelter, then slowly follow them, laughing in spite
of myself — sober old tabby that I am — to think
what kittensome things children are after all.

"O, Aunt Lizzie! Aunt Lizzie! Come on —
quick!" they shouted, without looking back —
"the kallikscope's ready!"

"Hi! ain't it fun!" exclaimed Johnny, the
host, capering as he ran; "hurray for kaliddle-
scopes!"

On they rushed — into the drawing-room.
Once there, a little decorum flew into them from
the pictured walls, the curtains, marbles, and soft,
mossy carpet. Half subdued, they looked about
them an instant, then crowded eagerly in front of
a broad white curtain that had risen near one end
of the room (by magic, it seemed) during their
brief absence. It was divided down the middle,
and so arranged that an oval-shaped opening, a
few inches wide, had been formed about three
and a quarter feet from the floor.

"Now, children," said a cheery voice from be-
hind the curtain, "look in! one at a time."

One at a time, indeed! You should have
seen them! The opening was not quite as large
as one of their rosy little faces; yet I am almost
sure that at least a dozen looked in all at once.
Black heads, brown heads, golden heads, tow
heads; heads curled, frizzled, tied with blue rib-
bons, in nets, out of nets — hair tucked under —
sticking out straight — parted on right side —
left side — not parted at all; tumbled heads,
shining heads, bobbing and bumping together, all
at that one little opening — and every head mak-
ing *such* a racket! You never, in all your life,
knew any thing like it!

"Oh, oh, oh!" they cried; "Ah, ah!" "Ho,
ho!" "Ha, ha!" "O-o-o-oh, oh!" "Is n't that
beautiful!" "OH! Now it's green!" "Ha,
ha! see the eyes!"

This was too much for my curiosity to with-
stand. I walked briskly forward and laid a coax-
ing hand upon one of the plump little shoulders.

"Why, Aunt Lizzie! Have n't you seen yet?
Do look! Oh, it's *elegant* — John, Hal, Dory
— quick! give Aunt Lizzie a turn."

Instantly a way was cleared for me, and I
looked in. No wonder they had laughed and
shouted, and cried, "Oh, how beautiful!"

What did I see? I saw a dance of fire — no,

it was a revolving wheel of blazing crystal, hung with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls. The fire went out. In a twinkling the wheel was alive with flowers — flowers of every hue, nodding, vanishing, coming again, — sporting in concert, falling into clusters, springing into wreaths, glowing, pulsing, like a live heart of flowers.

They slid into a blooming star, with every point a rosebud; they garlanded themselves circle upon circle; they doubled, trebled, quadrupled themselves; they grew redder, bluer, whiter — then vanished!

Now it was a wheel of golden watches and chains, of bracelets, and all kinds of glittering things, shining, darting through a field of blue. Then came a crimson flash. What was that? Now an Ogre's face with a hundred glaring eyes. Every eye winked wickedly. Now it snapped its teeth — ever so many rows of them. How funny! Eyes! noses! teeth — all in confusion. The Ogre had certainly exploded. His — "O children, see this!"

It was well that I thought of the children. The poor things were standing mute images of patient waiting, yet I certainly had not been more than thirty seconds at the Gate of Visions.

"Gently, gently!" called out the cheery voice again. "Who's that trying to peep behind the curtain? That's not fair. How does *this* look?"

"Oh, beautiful, splendid!" answered the crowd of heads.

"Lizzie," said the voice, "come in here and help us."

Delighted to satisfy my curiosity, I lost no time in obeying the command.

"Here, take this book and shake it, please — so," some one whispered.

"What for?" I asked in astonishment, at the same time awkwardly complying with the request.

They all laughed — all that were behind the curtain, I mean.

"Don't shake it *there*, child," they scolded, softly. "What good can that do?"

"I don't know," was my despairing whisper, as I still continued to shake the book vigorously. "Where *shall* I stand?"

"Why, here, of course — by the end of the piano-forte. That's right. Now, take this bunch of flowers and keep slowly turning it around — lower — so that the light may fall upon it. Don't let your hands show."

"Oh!"

I began to understand matters now. How very queer it seemed! There was I, shaking

a book with one hand, bobbing a bunch of artificial flowers up and down with the other. Aunt Sophie was slowly swinging a bit of blue ribbon, and Uncle Robert was frantically catching up this thing and that, to shake it an instant between Sophie's hand and mine; hiding the flowers, then the book, moving the candle, looking in, winking, and opening his mouth — in short, doing all sorts of absurd things, — his face, meanwhile, full of serious enthusiasm.

All our movements were executed a few inches before a three-cornered opening that was formed by the lid of the piano being laid back toward the main body of the instrument, and supported in a slanting position by means of two piles of books, one near each end. The whole was then covered over with the piano-cloth, so as completely to shut out the light from the side, and also to form the third side of the kaleidoscope, the other two sides being polished rosewood. By this time, you see, I knew very well how our mammoth kaleidoscope was made. The children were at one end of it, and we were at the other; and as they could not conveniently turn their kaleidoscope over, to enable the objects to tumble about and form new changes, we were forced to shake these objects at our end of the instrument.

The common toy kaleidoscope (which, I will tell here, was invented, or revived, by Sir David Brewster, the Scotch scientific writer and investigator) produces its effects by means of its three reflecting sides, so placed as to form a triangular tube. As these repeat in every direction the objects at the end (which are inclosed between two pieces of glass, to keep them in position and to allow the light to reach them), they give a certain regularity of form; because the main cluster (of beads, bits of glass, etc.), never mind in how great a jumble it may be, is reflected *exactly the same* in a number of triangles all meeting at one point.

So of course if you can put back the lid of a piano in a manner to have a reflecting angle of dark, polished wood, you can secure the same effects, on a larger scale, as in the ordinary kaleidoscope. All that remains to be done is to contrive to throw a strong light across the end away from the spectators. As for the curtain, that can be made by just hanging two sheets over a large clothes-horse standing at right angles to the piano, parting them for a little space in the centre, just enough to leave the eye-end open without disclosing the performers. It is important, too, that the piles of books supporting the lid, should not project under any more than is absolutely necessary.

All this I thought over as I stood there, shaking the book and flowers. Sometimes I held them at the lowest corner of the triangle, sometimes at about the middle, and often near the highest point, knowing that these movements would alter the entire effect to the spectators. Sometimes we simply shook a crimson tassel and a lace-bordered handkerchief, or a lamp mat, or a knitted "tidy," and even then the children's admiration would rise to rapture. But the most beautiful effect of all was made by one swinging the bead-basket (alas! for my magic wheel of rubies, emeralds, and pearls), and another flirting the leaves of a gilt-edged book behind it.

With this grand finale, we let a curtain of darkness fall over the kaleidoscope; after closing the piano, spreading the cloth again, and putting away books, tidy, flowers, bead-basket and all, we pushed the curtain aside and joined our audience.

All this time the children were clapping their hands, and, too honorable to peep, were begging us to *please* tell them how we "did it."

"It had *something* to do with the piano, anyhow," said one, after we had refused to tell our secret for the present. "I'm sure it had something to do with the piano. Had n't it, Uncle Robert?"

Uncle Robert stared vacantly at that instrument, but made no reply.

"How *could* it?" came in contemptuous tones from a small boy. "The piano is n't a kalidder-scope, is it?"

The piano was *not* a kaleidoscope, that was evident; so Master Scornful had a number on his side at once.

Uncle Robert laughed.

For my part, I hardly felt like laughing just then. I was thinking that we grown folk often form our conclusions quite as hastily and on quite as slight an inquiry.

"But it *must* have been something," — put in a bright little creature with a long blue sash, — "that's certain; and if it was n't the piano, what was it?"

Instantly Master Scornful looked crushed, and public opinion confidently sided with the last speaker. Well, to make a long story short, the children again put their heads together, this time in a different way, to be sure, and after talking awhile, they concluded to try experiments.

I was so fearful that the piano would be scratched or injured, that I helped them a little, perhaps gave them a hint or two, — I can scarcely say whether it was so or not; but the

result was that the kaleidoscope was again formed to the satisfaction of all concerned — the heads were looking in again — and Blue-sash and Master Scornful were only too happy in being allowed to "shake the things" at the other end.

Now that the first ardor of delight and astonishment had subsided a little, the children deigned to chat quietly together while waiting for their turn.

"I've often made 'em," I heard a chubby little fellow say.

The girl beside him turned suddenly, —

"Not out of pianos?"

"Oh no, not that kind. But real, regular kallide-scopes; fair ones, that you can hold up to the light and turn round like every thing."

"How?" asked the little lady, still eying him with an expression of mingled doubt and admiration.

"Why, easy enough."

Master Chubby, known to his friends as Rodney Smith, was beginning to feel important. He had a vague idea that, for the rest of their days, Lulu Roberts would look upon him as a very remarkable and mysterious young man.

"Oh, I know," she ventured, timidly. "You use a melodeon."

"No I don't, neither. Did n't I say I held it up to the light like a fair one?"

"Oh yes, so you did. *Now* I know! You make it out of waiters!"

"Oho! you're a great one!" mocked Rodney, losing, in his triumph, the little politeness that belonged to him. "Make a kallide-scope out of waiters — oh, ho!"

Lulu felt hurt. It was some seconds before she looked up at him again, and then, just as she was trying to say something saucy, a bright tear started to her eye; but she wiped it off in silence, and turned her head away.

"What cry-babies girls are!" thought Rodney, wondering what she would say next.

Presently she turned toward him again, half pouting, half laughing, —

"Ah, Rodney, *do* tell me," she whispered, coaxingly.

"Why, if you really want to know, of course I will," said Rodney, looking rather sheepish; "I'd just as lief make you one, too. Well, you just take three strips of glass, 'most any size, only they must all be alike, and you hold the edges together so you can look right down through 'em, just like a lamp chimney, you know, only it's kind of square-shaped instead of round. Then you keep holding 'em that way, and wind

some black thread around 'em so they won't slip, — not too tight, 'cause the edge of the glass cuts the thread awful, — and then you wind some black ribbon or black cloth all around it, nice and smooth." Master Rodney had never told such a long story before. He was quite short of breath.

"What then?" asked Lulu, not quite satisfied.

"What then?" echoed Rodney, loftily. "Why, nothin'!"

"What can you see in it? I mean."

"Oh, I forgot that part. Why, you just tie a piece of white calico — like Bessie's dress there, and then" —

"Bessie's dress is n't calico," exclaimed Lulu, indignantly. "It's beautiful, fine, white swiss."

"Well, then, you take beautiful, fine, white swiss, and tie it over one end, and then you drop in any thing you can get — beads, pieces of glass, and every thing — and then it's done. Oh, no. You have to tie black cloth over the other end, and put a hole in it to look through — *then* it's done."

Lulu was delighted. "Oh, that's real nice. I'm so glad you told me. But how can I get the strips of glass?"

"I'll get 'em for you," said Rodney, grandly. "I know the man that mends our windows. He's always got lots of strips that he cuts off from the big panes. He gives me just as many as I want."

"Oh! thank you, Rodney. Why, what are they going to do? They're turning off the gas!"

"What's that for?" called out Rodney's startled voice in the dark.

"Wait and see," said Uncle Robert.

In a moment a faint light began to show through the sheet which now had been pinned across the entrance to the "third parlor" in such a way as to form a broad high wall of white.

Soon the shadow of a figure in a slouched hat was seen crawling stealthily along. It halted, began to climb the wall, and finally sprang upward and disappeared.

"It's a robber!" screamed one of the little girls. "Where did he jump to? Oh, there's another!"

Surely enough, another shadow was coming. This, too, came creeping along like a thief, climbed as the first had done, and then seemed to leap through some window overhead. Every movement had been plainly seen. He had carried an ugly pistol in his hand. It was only a shadow-pistol, as they saw it, yet it made some of the children hold their breath with fear.

Presently one of the men appeared again. He was warily descending a stairway. They could see the black shadow distinctly as it came slowly down — down — down. He had a big bundle now. Just as he turned away, the report of a pistol was heard. A man in a tasseled night-cap and dressing-gown came running down the same stairway — somebody followed him — another, and another, armed with brooms, pokers, and the last figure (a woman's) brandished a coal-scuttle over her head.

Then came a grand struggle — another pistol-shot was heard — a figure leaped up into the air, quite out of sight — and all was dark again.

Uncle Robert turned on the gas, bringing to light a crowd of delighted and wonder-stricken faces. He was at once assailed by a shower of questions: "Who were they?" "Where did they jump to?" "Was n't it perfectly splendid?" (Splendid was a much-abused word among Blue-sash and her friends.) And would n't *he please* ask the burglars to "do it all over again?"

"Not to-night, not to-night," said Uncle Robert, raising his voice so that it might be heard. "But I've just thought of something. Next Tuesday will be Bessie's birthday. You may all come again then and take tea with her."

This pressing invitation was acknowledged by a general clapping of hands.

"After tea," he continued, in his ordinary voice, "we'll have the sheet up once more, and perhaps the shadows will do something worth seeing — who knows?"

"Oh, oh!" cried the children, clapping their hands again.

"And now, youngsters, the big wagon has just driven up to the door. It's high time you were all at home and in bed. Run, put on your trappings."

Aunt Sophie and I were soon in the library, attending to the happy little folks, taking care that every one should be well protected from the keen evening air during the drive. They were all to sit in the hay in the bottom of the farm-wagon, so we were not "afraid of their feet," as Aunt Sophie rather ambiguously remarked. Old Bridget, the cook, was in the room too. As Norah and Mary Ann were holding a reception of cousins in the kitchen, she had been called up to assist in the shadow-scenes. To be sure, her labors on the occasion had mainly been to stand in the corner and exclaim, "Howly fathers!" every two minutes; but she would have been invaluable now, had she not been so much

engaged in talking that she was quite absent-minded.

"Arrah! freghtened at the pistol, wer yez, ye silly childer?" she continued, softly, at the same time handing an overcoat to Lulu, and a muff to Rodney. "Sure it had n't a ha'pe'erth of any thing in the barrel of it. Was n't I there behind the sheet, meesel', bedad! the whole blessed time? Did n't I see Mither Robert — Heaven save him! — put a 'cussion cap on it jist — it was only the noise was a wantin' ye see. Ah! but it went off purty! Where did they lep to — did ye say? Why, no wheres. Ye must mind there was n't a sign of a light but a candle, and that stod on the flure inside, jist for'ninst the curthin — it might be the lenth of yer two ar-rms from it. Och! but it was purty to see the childer — Johnny it was, an' Masther Tommy — bless the swate eyes of him! and

Miss Beesie. They jist krept allong, thimself throwin' the shadders that yez saw on the sheet, and made belief — wid kickin' and reachin' close up against it — that it was climbin' they was — and then they turnt suddint and *lept strate over the candle!* That sent the shadder (though it tis n't meeself could a guessed it) for all the world as it had jumpt strate up through the sailen. Och, but it's clever childer they are! The stair-rs did ye say? Sorra a bit of a stairs was there at all at all. It was jist a chair an' a binch, put back like, an' covered wid a cloth, an' the childer went climbin' up an' down it, so they did. But yez must thry it for yersels; ye'll do it aisy enough. Och! but that's the lovely tippet! Good night, Masther Rodney — bless your swate manners — and bad luck to Mike if he does n't drive yez all home safe!"

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS."



CHAPTER IV

WHILE this talk was going on, lulled by the sound of voices, and comforted by a warm break-

fast which he had been getting for himself, Lou had fallen fast asleep. His head sank gradually back upon his mama's arm, his little fingers let go their hold upon one of her curls, with which he had been playing, and his mouth half opened like a bud that will soon be a red rose.

"He is the very prettiest baby I ever saw!" cried Aunt Fanny. "I wonder, Laura, that you never told us what a beauty he was. All you said was that he had a bald head, and I never could bear a bald-headed baby."

"I really did not know whether he was pretty or not," replied his mama. "I knew he had very beautiful eyes, but that was all."

At this moment grandmama came smiling into the room, followed, on tiptoe, by three little girls, who gathered around the baby with delighted faces, but as quietly as three little mothers.

"These are Mrs. Redwood's little girls," said grandmama. "They have brought their doll's bed for Lou to take his naps in."

"Their doll's bed!" repeated Lou's mama, much amused.

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" whispered Josephine, the eldest.

"And mama said it would be very — very" —

"Very convenient," put in her sister Jeannie.

"Very convenient for our dolly to lie on the

bed in the room over the front parlor, while your dear little baby was here."

"No, she said it would be convenient to you to have our dolly's bed," corrected Jeanie.

"And our dolly don't care where she sleeps, not a snap," said little Hatty.

"But is your bed really large enough for Lou?" asked his mother. "You see what a great boy he is."

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, she is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby," said both the others.

"It is a dear little bed, and will do nicely," said grandmama. "I have found a corner for it in my room, and you shall all come and see how well our baby will fit into it."

Sure enough, the bed, with its soft linen sheets, its little pillow, its pretty white quilt, seemed to have been made on purpose for Lou, and when his mama had gently laid him down in it, the three little girls tenderly drew the sheets and blankets over him, tucked them in with skillful hands, and stood admiring their work once more, like three darling little mothers.

"You are very kind to lend your dolly's bed to my baby," said Lou's mama. "I hope your dolly won't miss it very much. Do you think she was quite willing to part with it?"

"She never said a word when she heard us talking about it," cried little Jeanie. "She is n't a shell-fish dolly at all. But I know a shell-fish girl, — I do."

"I ain't a shell-fish," cried Hatty, bursting into tears. "I only said — I only said — I only said dolly would be lonesome away off in the best room, without any bed, and without any fire. Or at least, nothing but a big bed."

Lou's mama stood thinking a moment, and then went quickly to her own room, and came running back with three little books in her hands.

"I stopped in Boston long enough to buy some pretty books," said she. "And here is one for each of you. See! they are full of pictures. Look, Hatty. When your dolly gets lonesome, you can take her up and show her these pictures."

"Why, so I can," said Hatty, her tearful face lighting up. "Why, so I can."

When the three little girls were in the street, on their way home, Josephine said to Jeanie, —

"You ought not to have said that about Hatty. Mama said she was not selfish at all. She said she was a tender-hearted little thing, and could not bear to think that dolly might suffer."

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"Dolly can't suffer!" cried Jeanie. "She is n't a real baby; she's nothing but a make-believe baby. I mean to stick a pin in her as soon as ever I get home; it won't hurt her one bit. And now I've seen a real live baby, I don't like dolly any more. Mrs. James's baby is soft and warm. It can breathe, and it can eat. But Dolly is as hard as a rock, and she feels cold, and she can't go to sleep. She just makes believe she's a baby, when she ain't."

CHAPTER V

WHILE Lou was enjoying his nap, his mama took all his little frocks, and skirts, and shirts from the trunk, and arranged them in the drawers of the bureau. Aunt Fanny helped her, and admired all the pretty things.

"How beautifully you sew!" she said. "I never saw such nice stitches! I can't imagine when you found time to make so many things."

Lou's mama laughed.

"Nor I, either," she said. "Herbert used to wonder why I made so many. He said he should think 'one pair of clothes' was enough for such a little baby."

"Oh, what a man!" said Aunt Fanny.

Grandmama now came in.

"I hope you are almost ready to come and sit down, dear," said she. "The baby is sleeping sweetly, and we might be having such a nice talk."

"I think I might leave the rest of the unpacking awhile," said Lou's mama. "Oh, here are the bottles and things come to light at last. See, mother, I have brought you some of my own currant jelly. We have quantities of currants, and when I was making my jelly, it was just as easy to make enough for you. I suppose you don't mind its being in bottles?"

"No," said grandmama, "I am glad to get it in any shape."

"The quince jelly is for Fauny, and the raspberry vinegar for the boys."

"Have you quinces and raspberries in the garden, as well as currants?"

"Yes, we have all sorts of fruit. You see we gain something by living in the country. And as to flowers, — oh I do wish you could see my flowers! Herbert had a great many before I went there, and now we have more than we know what to do with."

By this time every thing was in order; Aunt Fanny had carried all the bottles away to the store-room, grandmama had her knitting, and all three sat down in the room where Lou was sleeping.

"Is Lou as pretty as you expected, mother?" asked mama, while she fastened a bit of blue ribbon to a little white frock. "Do you think he looks as any of us did, when we were babies? And which is he most like, his father, or me?"

Grandmama took off her spectacles, and looked long and tenderly at the little sleeper.

"He is not like any of my children," said she. "They all had hair. And I don't see that he is like his father, or like you. But he is a beautiful baby, and full of life and spirit."

"Oh, you can't imagine how full of life he is when he is quite himself. He is shy here, among so many strangers. How the boys will enjoy him when he begins to laugh and spring, as he does at home."

Perhaps you think it a little funny that Lou's mama always spoke of her brothers as "the boys." For they were all as tall as your papa, and had whiskers, and carried canes. But they had n't been men always; once they were boys, and having had that name, it was hard to call them any thing else.

On this day, about half-an-hour before dinner, they all came in, one after another.

"Why, Robert, how early you are to-day!" cried grandmama.

"And if here is n't Tom!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Frank and Fred are in, too," said Lou's papa. "I met them on the stairs, as I came down."

"I hope you have no objections to my being early, mother," said Uncle Robert; and he caught little Lou, who was now wide awake, and tossed him up to the ceiling.

"O Robert! do be careful!" said Lou's mama.

"I wouldn't have hurried home if I had known Bob was coming," said Uncle Tom. "I thought I should have a good frolic with the baby before dinner. Look here, Sir! See what Uncle Tom has brought you!" and he held up an ivory rattle, with silver bells, before the delighted baby.

"Pshaw! I have been getting him a rattle, too," said Uncle Frank. "Well! it's no matter. He can hold one in each hand. There you are! Rattle away, my little fellow."

Lou took a rattle in each hand, and shook them with all his might. His eyes sparkled, his face was covered with smiles.

But now it was the turn of Uncle Robert, who offered to the child a large, round orange.

Instantly Lou dropped the rattles, and seized the orange with both hands.

Uncle Robert laughed, in great triumph.

But mama, and papa, and grandmama, and Aunt Fanny, all cried out, at once, that the orange must be taken away from baby, who had already found out that it was good to eat, and had made the print of his two white teeth in the skin. Baby was not at all pleased when his papa unclasped his little fingers by force, and took the orange away. It was in vain that every body told him that oranges were not good for babies; that oranges were bad, very bad, and made faces at it, and shook their heads at it. Lou thought he knew better than all of them put together, and he cried very hard and very loud for a long time.

CHAPTER VI.

IN a few days Lou felt quite at home among his new friends. They all loved him so dearly, and were so happy when he was pleased, and so sorry when any thing troubled him, that he could not help loving them. His mama used to say that she believed grandmama would give him her two eyes if he wanted them; and grandmama herself said she loved him just as well as she used to love her own little boys and girls. She would sit and watch him while he slept, her knitting in her hands, her Bible and hymn-book by her side. And as she looked at that innocent face, she prayed, in her heart, that it might never be disfigured by anger, and that those little white hands might never be busy in any evil work.

His uncles were never tired of carrying him about in their arms, or on their shoulders; every day they brought him home some little toy, or with their penknives made new ones for him. At nine o'clock every night, his mama, who was not very strong, gave him a little supper, and put him back into his tiny bed, and left him to Aunt Fanny's care while she took her own first nap. Uncle Frank and Aunt Fanny always sat up until twelve, to read and to study together; every time the baby stirred they both ran to see if any thing was the matter, and to cover him up, or to put more coals on the fire lest he should not be warm enough. At twelve he always awoke and thought himself very hungry; then his young nurses took him up, fed him with a little milk

and water, made him comfortable, and when he fell asleep again, carried him on tiptoe to his mama's room and laid him in the crib by her side. Oh what happy midnight vigils those were!

Thus, day after day, and week after week slipped by, till Lou's papa said his vacation was almost over, and that it was time for them to go home. Then there was another packing of little white frocks and skirts and shirts; the rattles and other toys filled the places the bottles had left empty, and the trunks declared they were so full they could hold no more. For all that, grandmama made them take in a big loaf of frosted cake, and a good many other little parcels about which she said not a word to mama. Uncle Robert had to stand on both trunks to keep the covers down while papa locked them, they were so full. Every body felt sad at the parting, except Lou. When his hat and cloak were put on, he began to laugh and crow and

dance, for he knew that meant that he was going somewhere, and he did n't care where that was, if he could only go. When the carriage that was to take them to the train came to the door, the four uncles made believe they were very merry, for they did not like to be seen crying, like girls. After Uncle Frank handed Lou in to his mama, all bundled up as he was, he cried out,—

"Oh, Laura, excuse me! I believe I handed you the baby upside down!"

And then mama's look of dismay, and then her smile when she found baby was right, after all, made every body laugh.

The uncles hurried off to their business, as the carriage drove away; grandmama went up into her room, locked the door, and prayed that the journey home might be made in safety.

The cat came softly into the deserted parlor, and Aunt Fanny took her in her arms and hid her face in her fur.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

V.

MACBETH, KING OF SCOTLAND

UPON a naked, blasted heath, where neither tree nor bush could live, so barren was it in its bleakness, three witches, gray, crooked, and misshapen, hovered round a boiling, bubbling caldron. The fire crackled under the huge vessel, from whose blazing depths came forth a vile and sickening odor. The edge was lurid with sulphurous flames, which gleamed upon the horrid faces of the unclean hags who tended it; lighting up in ghastly vividness their skinny arms, their sharp faces, fringed with grizzled, scattering hairs, which looked like beards, and showing more plainly than the light of day their eyes,—staring and blood-colored, yet expressionless as the faces of the dead.

The thunder pealed dully in the sky, and the rain fell in fine drops, each one of which seemed to pierce the clothing to the skin, as if it were a point of steel. Amid the rain and wind these strange beings moved slowly round and round the caldron's edge, uttering their weird incantations. Their smileless faces wore the blackness of the night; their voices sounded like the cry of vultures, or the shriek of the harpies when they swoop upon their prey.

What was the business of these minions of

Hecate on the heath of Forres on such a night? Their meetings never boded good; their only purpose was to foster crime, to hint black deeds to minds still innocent, to poison with venomous suggestion the most wholesome conscience. All day they had watched the distant smoke and dust of battle, and only when the exhausted armies paused at the coming of night, had they begun upon this spot their unearthly orgies.

While they were still muttering and gibbering, two figures were seen riding across the plain on their way to the castle of Forres, from whose distant towers a light was shining here and there through the obscure mist. At sight of them, a sudden gleam of exultation lighted up the expressionless faces of the witches. The tallest horseman, still riding erect and proudly, in spite of the day's fatigues, was Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, a kinsman of the Scottish king, chief of a royal clan, the handsomest, bravest, and proudest of all King Duncan's nobles. With him rode Banquo, another cousin of the king, a man of rare virtue; not approved so much for his brave deeds, as for his wisdom in council; shining rather in the quiet of peace than in the storms of war. Such were the two who crossed the heath together. The

witches waited impatiently their coming. For them the magic caldron had been set, and to intercept them these secret hags had stretched among the blackened grass an invisible circle which should detain their horses' feet until they had had speech with the Thane of Glamis.

Macbeth, unappalled in the midst of scenes of bloodiest carnage, started with fear as his horse's feet stopped suddenly within the enchanted circle. His brave spirit, fearless before all real and tangible dangers, was a slave to superstition, and the sight of these supernatural creatures daunted him more than a host of mailed enemies would have done. But the serene Banquo was moved by no such terrors. In his estimation these apparitions might be illusions of the eye, or creatures of the imagination.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."

As they paused thus, the witches crossed their path, and with ghostly waving of her hands, and solemn utterance, the first spoke, —

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis."

The second approached, more horrible than the first, and with the same weird gestures, cried, —

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor."

Macbeth remained motionless with fear and astonishment. His eager hopes surmise the second title to be a prophecy. If the witches had power to divine rightly that he was Thane of Glamis, would they not also have known that the Thane of Cawdor was still living, and that not to him belonged that honor.

In the next instant the third witch, a hag of more dreadful aspect than either of the others, repeated the strange motions in his path, and, in a whisper so sharp and sibilant, it seemed to pierce the marrow of his brain, hissed in his ear, —

"All hail, Macbeth; THOU SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER!"

Then turning to Banquo, they repeated in the same alternation, —

"Hail! lesser than Macbeth, and greater."

"Not so happy, yet much happier."

"Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail! Macbeth and Banquo!"

Then, as Macbeth, recovering himself a little, would have sought to question them, the witches, the blazing caldron, all the supernatural surroundings, vanished in a twinkling, and the two warriors were left alone in darkness on the vacant heath.

While they consulted with each other on the reality of the vision they had seen, they were met by two messengers from King Duncan, who was already awaiting their coming in the castle of Forres. These were too intent upon delivering their message, to notice the distraught manners of Macbeth and Banquo, but greeted them instantly with congratulations on their brave services that day to the Scottish throne. They told Macbeth that the king had appointed them to signify his value of his knightly deeds by investing him with the titles of the Thane of Cawdor, who had proved disloyal, and was thus stripped of his titles and estates, that they might be conferred upon more deserving shoulders.

Macbeth was astonished almost beyond speech at the sudden fulfillment of the witches' prophecy. What if they had indeed spoken truth? He should be king hereafter! Might not the powers which had divined his greatness, which had put the crown into his thoughts, help now to place it on his head? His quick-kindled ambition rose higher at the thought, and with a powerful effort he shook off his abstraction, and rode hastily forward to greet his sovereign.

The battle of Forres had been a decisive one in the long civil war, and Duncan's kingdom now promised to return to peace and security. Macbeth purposed returning to his castle at Inverness, to recruit from his bloody exploits in the field, and the old monarch, loth to part with his loved kinsman and subject, anxious also to show him all possible honor, decided to accompany him to his castle and spend a night there before journeying to the royal palace. Macbeth had hastily despatched a messenger informing his wife of his new title of Cawdor, and giving the details of his encounter with the witches. As soon as Duncan announced his intention of becoming his guest for a night, he sent another messenger, bidding her make preparations for their arrival. Then the noble train set out for Inverness.

At the head rode Duncan — white-haired and benignant old monarch — whose enemies called him weak and doting, but whose friends knew him honorable and brave, though credulously trustful, and guileless as a child. Beside him rode his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, both in the early dawn of manhood; noble and refined in aspect, but inheriting a trifle too much of their father's gentle spirit to cope well with the rude exigencies of the times. Near them, the grave and reticent Banquo, attended by his young son Fleance, the hope and promise of his age. In the midst of the train was the noble Macduff, one of

the most noted thanes of Scotland : temperate in his judgment, enthusiastic in his loves and hates ; not the equal of Macbeth in elegance of bearing and in polish of manners, but no whit behind him in absolute bravery ; as trustworthy in the council hall as in the battle-field ; who breathed in loyalty as the air of his native heath, and whose honor was as inflexible as death. Towering above them all, — conspicuous for his striking figure, his gallant horsemanship, — readiest in wit and in those delicate flatteries which charm the ear of royalty, — dashing, spirited, handsome, and brave, rode Macbeth, the new-made Thane of Cawdor.

Macbeth's messengers rode well. Scarcely had the first delivered the letter to his mistress, which informed her of her lord's accession to the titles and estates of Cawdor, and the prediction of the weird sisters, before the mailed heel of the second messenger clanked on the paved hall of the castle, and breathless with the haste of his journey, told her of Duncan's immediate visit at Inverness.

Lady Macbeth was reputed a worthy match for her noble husband in all the qualities which could become her station. Her beauty was unquestioned, her manners were elegant and polished to a remarkable degree in that age of warfare ; and though her mind was wonderfully bold and original in its conceptions, she concealed such masculine attributes under a mask of the most womanly softness and delicacy. Not inferior to Macbeth in any of the qualities which won him scores of friends, she far excelled him in strength of intellect and will, and in unshaken purpose. And her ambition was as riotous as his. The witches' predictions and their partial fulfillment had bred in the mind of Macbeth a thousand half-formed thoughts of villainy. In her mind the conclusion was immediate. The knowledge of the final honor which had been promised her husband, the "Hail, Macbeth ; thou shalt be king hereafter !" and the intelligence that Duncan slept that night under her castle's roof, were sufficient to bring her to the resolve that the obstacles which lay between the prophecy and its fulfillment, could be removed by *murder*. The resolve once taken, no doubts, nor fears, nor remorse, could move her from it.

Macbeth spurred on before his guests, and arrived a short time in advance of the party. Their first tender greetings hurriedly exchanged, she laid before him, first in dark hints, and then in open, undisguised words, her plan to make him king of Scotland.

At first Macbeth recoiled in horror from the

revolting aspect of his own hidden thought. But though the frank wickedness of his wife startled him at first, there needed but little persuasion to bring him to lend himself to her designs, and before the kingly party entered the gates of Inverness, it was resolved between this guilty pair that the trusting old monarch, their kinsman and their guest, made sacred to them by all the laws of hospitality and loyalty, should never again cross alive the threshold over which he had thus graciously passed, to confer upon it honor and distinction.

Duncan was unwarned of his fate, and he read no presage of it in the faces of his treacherous host and hostess. Macbeth was tremulous and eager. The shallowest observer could have read his agitation in his uncertain voice, in the tremor of his hand, his restless eye, but all believed that the honors heaped on him had disconcerted his usually unruffled spirit. But his wife wore a mask impenetrable to all scrutiny. When she met the royal train, it was in her richest attire, with jewels braided in her yellow hair. Her soft eyes beamed nothing but welcome, and no rebellious flush on her fair cheek told of the murderous passion that stirred in her blood.

That night, when all the reveling had ceased, and Duncan's attendants, worn out with eating and drinking, slept their soundest sleep, Macbeth and his ambitious wife met in the antechamber to the King's apartment. The grooms who guarded his couch, had been drugged by her fair hands, she forced upon her wavering spouse the daggers with which to do the bloody deed, and, spurred on by her scorn and her entreaties, he entered Duncan's chamber and slew him as he slept. Then, shuddering at their crime, so dreadful in the freshness of its commission that they dared not look into each other's eyes lest each should read condemnation and horror of the other's deeds, they retired to their apartment to cleanse themselves of the blood upon their hands and weapons, and await the event of this night's work.

In the early morning the castle was filled with confusion and alarm. Macduff was the first to discover the murder, and frenzied with horror, he roused servants, guests, and kinsmen, from their beds. All was dismay and terror, and in the tumult, Malcolm and Donalbain, fearing treachery for themselves, fled instantly. Too weak to await what fate might bring them, they hastened to England, and drew suspicion on them, by their flight, that they had been guilty of their father's murder. Banquo may have suspected his noble

friend Macbeth, but he was silent, and made no confidant of their encounter with the witches; and in a short time, by reason of his near kinship with the dead king, as well as his popularity with the soldiers and populace, Macbeth easily made himself king. Thus the witches' prophecy was fulfilled.

But the crown thus gained did not sit easily on the wearer's head. Beside, those secret midnight bags upon the heath of Forres had declared that Banquo's children should be kings. And Macbeth, who believed the witches to be unerring when they predicted his greatness, dared to hope that he could thwart their power when it ran counter to his own wishes. He plotted then to take the life of Banquo and his only child, young Fleance, that there might be no possibility of their succession to the crown.

To compass this, he made a banquet, and invited Banquo as the noblest and most honored guest. At the time he was expected to ride through the vast grounds which surrounded the royal palace, three murderers, whom Macbeth had hired to do his bloodiest crimes, set upon Banquo and his son. Banquo was instantly despatched, but Fleance escaped, and fled to England, where he knew he should join his royal cousins, Malcolm and Donalbain.

After the murder was done, and the bloody-handed assassins had received their fee, Macbeth entered his banquet-hall. His mind was much disturbed at the escape of Fleance, but he dissembled his trouble, and when he was prepared to be seated at the feast with his nobles, he pledged their absent peer in his own royal glass, uttering smooth-tongued regrets that Banquo was not present with them.

Before his words were done, his guilty imagination began to work, and he seemed to see before him in his own royal chair, the ghost of Banquo, with its gaping wounds and dripping blood.

His reason and self-command gave way at the sight, and while the wondering guests saw only the empty chair, and the wild, distraught looks of their new monarch, Macbeth beheld his victim shake his gory locks at him in solemn threatening, and silently withdraw.

Thrice did the ghost appear, and thrice did Macbeth cower in abject horror at the dreadful sight, until his wife — now at the summit of her wishes, as the Queen of Scotland — bade the company depart, since some strange freak of fancy made her lord unfit for guests and banquets.

Unhappy Macbeth! he had paid too large a

price for his greatness. No more wholesome sleep visited the pillow where he laid his weary head. His nights were filled with dreadful visitants, and his days were spent in devising plans by which he might make his power more stable and enduring. Remorse could not bring him penitence. He pictured himself in a sea of blood, whose shores were boundless. It was as easy to go forward on its crimson waves as to turn back. Since he had stained his hands with blood, courage, hope, and pity, seemed dead to him.

But the unhappy woman who had shared his crimes — the dearest partner of his greatness — was even more pitifully wretched. In the first enthusiasm of her ambition she was not appalled by any crime. She could scorn her weaker spouse because he feared to look upon the blood his hands had shed. But in her soul the revulsion of feeling had been greater and more terrible. More reticent and heroic than Macbeth, feeding on her remorse in silence lest she should add to the bitter thoughts that poisoned his life, she constrained herself to smile, and flatter, and play the part of royalty, while in her heart she carried an eternal wound, the slow agony of conscience. Nature avenged itself on the mask she wore, and in the dead of night, when she strove to forget her tortures in sleep, remorse became her conqueror. Night after night her wondering attendants watched her rise from her couch, and with a lighted taper in her hand — fast-locked in sleep, with glazed and open eyes, in which a fixed horror seemed frozen — she traversed the corridors till she reached a certain antechamber. Then with repeated rubbing of her hands, she sought to cleanse them from some fancied stains of blood. The sighs that heaved her breast were piteous enough to move even the ghost of her murdered victim, and when her frail form was wearied beyond endurance, she went back to her wretched couch, still wrapt in sleep, to wait the waking of another miserable day.

Only one consolation was left the wicked pair. As their love for each other had been strong in innocence, it was still supreme in guilt. Misery only cemented their attachment more firmly, till they seemed to have but one life and one thought. If his wife had been his temptress, Macbeth had no reproach for her; and in his darkest hours her love was ready to shelter and protect and comfort him.

The greatest of Italian poets, Dante, has a story of two guilty lovers, dying in their crimes, whose souls, even in the deepest torment, could never be separated, and who still found consola-

tion in bewailing together their lost happiness. Like them, this unhappy husband and wife were one in love, in guilt, and in remorse.

In the mean time, Macduff, whose loyalty had never despaired in the darkest hour of Scotland's fortunes, had been in England trying to stimulate the young princes, Malcolm and Donalbain, to return and head an army, which he promised them should welcome them as soon as they set foot on their native soil. Macbeth heard of his efforts, and one of the most abhorrent acts of his life is the way he revenged himself upon Macduff. Knowing the wife and children of the latter were left at home in an unguarded castle, he sent thither a band of ruffians, who murdered in cold blood the defenseless wife and her pleading babes.

At length the rumors of Macduff's success alarmed the monarch. He resolved to have recourse again to the augurs of his present fortunes. He would seek the cave of Hecate, and conjure the witches to unfold another page of the future, to tell him what was to be the end of his vexed and miserable life.

He found the cave—a dismal, subterranean haunt—where they were wont to hold their midnight revels. The walls dripped with dampness, which felt to Macbeth's groping fingers, slimy and thick, like human gore. Bats of monstrous size flitted through the noisome air; reptiles, cold and noiseless, glided under foot. In the midst the caldron burned, and about it glided the dimly-seen forms of the weird sisters.

In this place Macbeth entreated those evil beings to tell him of his own fate, and who should wear the crown after him. The witches would not answer. They told the monarch he should hear their masters. Straightway the rocky floor opened, and from the gaping fissure rose an armed head.

It cried, "Beware Macduff!" and disappeared.

A moment more, and to the loud roar of thunder, a second head rose up, dripping with gore. It conjured Macbeth to be bold and resolute, since he need not fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane. Again the vision sank, and in answer to his thoughts, he saw a long line of shadowy forms, wearing the Scottish crown, and each bearing the arms of the house of Banquo, glide slowly by. After them followed the pale ghost of Banquo, who pointed in solemn warning to the dim procession, and vanished into thin air as Macbeth gazed on him.

Disheartened at the sight, Macbeth departed from the cave, despairing of leaving the succes-

sion to his own issue. The same voice which had said, "Hail, Macbeth; thou shalt be king hereafter!" had declared that Banquo's children should be kings. And he no longer dared doubt the power of Hecate and her attendants.

But he had some gleams of comfort. They had declared he should be unconquered till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane. The forest of Birnam was three miles distant from his royal castle of Dunsinane; and until the trees should tear out from the earth their firm roots, and march upon his castle, he might sleep in safety. At least, he should be unconquered, and should die a king. After him, let Banquo's pale progeny take the crown.

And now the sons of Duncan, and the fiery Macduff, infuriate at the slaughter of his wife and babes, had landed on the shores of Scotland. Their army was gathered. They were marching towards Dunsinane to beleaguer the usurper in his very stronghold. Macbeth heard of their movements, and buckling on his armor, awaited the approach of their forces. His courage rose high at the first scent of battle, and his cheek, paled with the terrors which conscience had inflicted, grew ruddy at the sound of the trumpets. While in the midst of his warlike preparations, a startled messenger came in with fear distorting all his visage. The forest of Birnam, three miles away, was moving towards them. It was already coming across the heath, in the middle of which stood the castle of Dunsinane. The sentinels upon the outer walls had seen the strange spectacle, and, mad with fear, had fled back into the inner court-yards.

Then Macbeth's heart sank in despair. Had fate so mocked him? He seemed to hear a peal of ghostly laughter from the pit of Hecate, which rang the death-knell to his fortunes. As he thought thus, the cries and moanings of women told him that his wife, the last stay and comfort in his misery, was dead. He heard it with the strong calmness of despair, and gave no time to grief or lamentation.

Now he saw the double meaning of the prophetic warning which had bade him fear only when Birnam wood should move to Dunsinane. The army of Macduff and Malcolm threw down the huge branches of the Birnam forest, with which they had concealed their moving hosts, and from behind their leafy screens stood revealed in immense force.

There was but a brief struggle. Macbeth was brave, but he could not fight against destiny. "Fate is a spaniel; we cannot beat it from us."

Before sunset the head of Macbeth was raised upon a pole above the walls of Dunsinane by the conquering hand of Macduff, and its stony eyes

looked down upon the hosts of Malcolm as he passed through the castle gates, the crowned and rightful *King of Scotland*.

AINSLEE'S VALENTINE.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS



AINSLEE'S seat in school, was, as I have told you, on a little bench in front of the teacher's desk, where she could see all that he did, and the two little girls were close by, only a narrow passage-way between them. Sampson Simmons had the end toward the girls' side, and could almost touch Amanda Martin by leaning over. He did not like her, however, because she made fun of his big head, and was always getting above him in the spelling class, and so Miss Barrett never had to scold him for whispering to her. Ainslee, on the contrary, thought her more delightful than any little girl he had ever seen,

and wished that he might sit in Sampson's place, and look at her all the time when he was not studying. So one morning, getting there before him, Ainslee sat down on Sampson's end of the bench, and pulled his own and Sinny's books toward him.

"Get out o' that," said Sampson, who came in just as Ainslee had settled things to his mind.

"I don't want to," said Ainslee. "You let me and Sinny sit this end, and you sit where Sinny used to."

"I won't no such a thing," snapped Sampson. "You just want to sit there so's to fire spit-balls up to the big boys' end. You go back to your own place this minute, or I'll tell Miss Barrett what an awful face you made at her yesterday."

Ainslee slid back to the middle, and took up his spelling-book, very much as if he would like to throw it at Sampson. Miss Barrett had just opened the roll-book, and rapped on the desk, and so he had to keep still for an hour-and-a-half, thinking so hard all the time how he could coax him, that his ten words of spelling lesson were almost forgotten.

Sampson whisked out at recess, and Ainslee followed slowly, hardly listening to Sinny, who went on talking just the same, whether any body paid any attention or not. Amanda had run to the top of the hill, and was begging her brother Tom to let her have his sled and go down all alone.

"You can have mine one time," said Ainslee, "and I'll go down with Sinny," and he put the rope in her hand. Ainslee's sled was the very handsomest one in school: bright blue, with a white and gold border, and *Defiance* on it in gilded letters. All the boys had had a ride on it, for Ainslee was very obliging, as well as very proud of the new sled, and each boy declared it to be the best sled that ever was made. Amanda

was delighted at having it all to herself, and smiled so at Ainslee, that he thought her prettier than ever.

Sampson, who had no sled, was trying to coast down on a piece of board, which went very well over one or two icy places, but stuck fast as soon as it came to snow. Ainslee watched him a moment, and then a bright idea came.

"I say, Samp, come here!" he shouted. "No, Sinny; you go down with any body you're a mind to. I want to talk to Samp."

Sampson picked himself up, and walked forward as if half a mind not to do it.

"Look a here, Samp," said Ainslee; "you change seats with me, and I'll let you slide on my sled two times this recess."

"That ain't enough," said Sampson, after thinking a moment. "Two times now, and four times this noon, and then I'll do it."

"Why, that's an awful lot," said Ainslee. "You might do it for four times."

"No I won't then," answered Sampson, who thought there must be something very desirable about his end of the bench, which he had never found out, and who meant to drive a good bargain for it.

"Well," said Ainslee, slowly, "I'll give you the six times, but you must n't ever ask for the seat back again."

"All right," said Sampson, dashing down the hill after the sled, and taking it with such a jerk, that little Amanda was almost upset, and had to catch hold of Billy Howard, who was walking up by her.

Ainslee went down on Sinny's sled, which, being only a rough wooden one his grandfather had made for him, went bumpity bump all the way, and turned right off into a drift just before they got to the bottom. Ainslee dropped some snow down Sinny's back to pay him for not steering better, and Sinny, after dancing round a minute, flew at Ainslee, and washed his face to pay him, and just then the bell rang, and there was no more time for coasting or squabbling.

Ainslee took his new place, looking so delighted that Sampson determined to watch and find out what he could mean to do. He sat stiller than usual, however; and Sampson, after spying around Sinny till Miss Barrett looked up, and told him if he did n't keep his head where it belonged, he should be kept in at noon, gave it up, and turned to his Multiplication Table.

Sinny liked being in the middle, for now he could tease two instead of one. So, while he held his head down carefully, and studied in a

very loud whisper, he poked one elbow into Ainslee, and another into Sampson, who thought at first that he would hold up his hand and tell Miss Barrett, and then, that he would poke back, and have some fun too. Miss Barrett looked down at the bench just then, but both boys seemed to be studying much harder than usual, and she turned again to the copy-books. Sinny, pretty sure now that she would not look for some time, forgot to keep his head down, and engaged in such a series of sly nips and digs, that both boys giggled outright before they thought.

"Sampson Simmons, come right here and stand by me," said Miss Barrett, severely; "and Sinny Smith, you go into the passage-way, and stay till I call you."

Sinny skipped out in such a way that she called him back, and made him do it over again properly, and then settled once more to the copy-books.

In the mean time, Ainslee had moved farther and farther, till now he was on the very end of the bench, staring at Amanda, and wishing with all his might that he had a sister just like her.

"She's so nice," he thought; "nicer than any little girl I know anywhere, unless, maybe, cousin Lizzie. I wish I sat on the same bench with her."

Amanda was chewing a piece of spruce gum, doing it very quietly, for fear Miss Barrett would see, and take it away, and this fear made her eyes shine, and her cheeks as red as could be. One hand was resting on the end of the bench, and Ainslee reached over and patted it. Amanda took it away a moment, but let it fall back again, and Ainslee gave it another pat, and then hugged hard as much of the fat arm as he could reach.

"Well, Ainslee Barton," said Miss Barrett's sharp voice; and Ainslee, starting back, saw that she had laid down her pen, and was leaning back in her chair, from which she must have been watching him two or three minutes.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself," she went on, "playing with girls? Come right here, sir."

Ainslee walked up to her with a very red face.

"Take that stool and put it on the end of the platform," she said; and Ainslee dragged along the same high, yellow stool, on which he had stood two or three weeks before, and Miss Barrett lifted him on to it.

"Now, Amanda Martin, you come here too," she said.

All the school were looking by this time, wondering what was to be done. Miss Barrett lifted her to the same stool, and put her back to back with Ainslee.

"You're so fond of each other," she said, "it's a pity you should n't be close together," and from her desk she took some strings, with which she tied their feet together under the seat. The stool was narrow, and Ainslee sat very still for fear that he should joggle Amanda off. He knew all the boys in school so well now, that he hardly minded sitting up there before them, and as he felt, too, that Miss Barrett was very cross and disagreeable, and had no business to put him there, just for hugging a nice little girl, he held his head up, and did not cry at all.

Poor Amanda did not stop to think whether Miss Barrett was right or not, but just cried with all her might for a little while, till her brother Tommy held up a peppermint-drop where she could see it. She felt better then, and remembering that the spruce gum was still in her mouth, took it out and pinched it into a pig, chewing it soft again, whenever it hardened, and at last dividing it into two pieces, one of which she slipped into Ainslee's hand.

After all, the two children did not so much mind their punishment, and at twelve o'clock, when Miss Barrett untied them, she wondered to find them so contented. Their feet were pretty stiff, to be sure, but on the whole they had grown quite intimate since recess, and Ainslee, instead of being made ashamed of being with her, liked Amanda better than ever. Sampson caught up Ainslee's sled as they all ran out.

"Ho!" said he, "would n't I be ashamed to have to sit up that way with a girl!"

"I'd rather sit so with a girl than with you, so now," said Ainslee. "I won't ever sit by you again."

"Yes you will," said Sampson. "I'm going to take my own seat to-morrow morning."

"Then you've told a lie," said Ainslee. "You said 'all right' when I told you you must n't ask for it again."

"Well, I meant all right for this morning," answered Sampson, preparing to get on the sled.

"Then you sha'n't have my sled," said Ainslee, running up to him. "You've cheated; give it back."

"I have n't," said Sampson. "You said I was to have six rides, if you had the seat, and I have n't had but two."

"Oh, come now," said Sinny. "You know well enough you did n't mean only to-day."

"It's none o' your business, any way," said Sampson, suddenly turning upon him. "You ain't any thing but a nigger, — a dirty little nigger, — that has n't any business to come to school."

"Now you Samp, stop that," said Tommy Martin, coming up. "He's a nicer boy than you be."

"I'm going to punch you, Sampson," said Ainslee, whose cheeks had been getting redder and redder. "You do mean things every minute, and I'm going to punch you;" and before Sampson had made up his mind what to do, Ainslee had sprung upon him, and both were down in the snow.

"Hands off!" said Tommy, as Sinny would have gone into the battle. "Two to one ain't fair. Let 'em settle the best way they can."

This was likely to be a hard one for Ainslee. Sampson was older and stronger than he, and after the first moment of surprise was over, fought furiously, getting him face down at last in the snow, and hitting him till he was pulled away by Tommy.

"Better luck next time," he said. "You'll lick him yet, Ainslee."

Ainslee took his sled and ran toward home, trying not to cry, while Sampson, who had shouted, "Let that alone," and started after him, was held back by Tommy.

"You ain't going to have every thing you want — so!" said he. "I'll lick you myself if you touch Ainslee Barton, if I am bigger than you be."

By the time Ainslee reached home, he had made up his mind that if he were beaten twenty times over, he would get the best of Sampson Simmons some day, and he sat down to dinner with a very grave face.

Grandpa gave him a slice of roast beef and a great potato, when his turn came, and then rather waited for the potato to be mashed and come back to him again for gravy; for Ainslee, like almost all little boys, thought potato and gravy nearly the best part of dinner. But Ainslee touched neither that nor his squash, of which he was very fond, only cut away at his beef, till every bit was gone, and then passed up his plate for more.

"More?" said grandpa. "Clear meat is n't good for little boys. Why don't you eat your vegetables?"

"Don't want 'em," said Ainslee. "Did n't you say this morning, when you was cutting the steak, that beef made people strong, grandpa?"

"Yes," said grandpa, "but what do you want to get any stronger for?"

"Because I've got something to do," said Ainslee. "Please to give me a large, thick piece, grandpa."

"Eat the potato, dear," said mama, as the

thick piece came back. "What is it you've got to do?"

"Lick Sampson Simmons," said Ainslee, in a loud voice. "I'll punch his eyes all black, when I've eaten beef enough."

"Why, why! why, why!" said grandpa, laying down his knife and fork. "Who's this talking so large about punching? What has Sampson done?"

Ainslee told his story, and grandpa, who had listened with a queer little twinkle in his eyes all the way through, said not a word, but went on with his dinner.

"Now, Richard," said grandma, "don't you mean to tell him he mustn't?"

"Well, no," said grandpa. "I think Ainslee knows pretty well what is right, and I'm inclined to believe Sampson needs punching, from what I hear about him."

What grandma might have said here, I don't know, but as Ainslee had finished his beef, and would have no pie, mama took his hand and led him up to her room.

"Now, tell me about it again," she said. "Tell me just as if you were Tommy Martin, and saw exactly what Sampson Simmons and Ainslee Barton did."

Ainslee sat very still, frowning, and trying to make himself feel like somebody else, and at last began again.

"Now, mama, is n't he awful mean?" he said, when he had ended, "and can't I punch him bymbye?"

"Wait and see," said mama. "He may be sorry he has been mean, and if he is, there will be no need of punching him. Like Amanda, too, as much as you please, but don't hug her in school, for the teacher does n't like you to do any thing that keeps you from learning your lessons; and if you play, and make Amanda play too, there are two wrongs instead of one."

"Was it wrong for me to love her?" said Ainslee.

"No," mama answered, "it is never wrong to love, but it is sometimes to do it in the wrong place. You would n't get up in church to hug me?"

"Yes I would," said Ainslee. "I wanted to last Sunday."

"Why did n't you?" said mama.

"'Cause every body would have stopped looking at the minister, and looked at me," said Ainslee.

Mama laughed. "Well, just so it is about school. Suppose while you were hugging Aman-

da, that Sampson had wanted to hug Sarah Jones, and Tommy Martin, Juliana Johnson, and so on, when would the lessons have been learned? While you are in school, you must mind Miss Barrett's rules carefully. Out of school, you can do what you please, so long as it is right."

Next morning Ainslee went to school, determined that Sampson should not take his sled, but found his place empty, and at recess Billy Howard said he was sick with a sore throat. Ainslee took his seat of course, and whether any thing was said or done about it when Sampson came back, I shall tell you at some other time. In the mean time, Amanda had many a ride on his sled, and Ainslee began to wish again that he stayed all day, and even asked his mother if he might, to which she said a very decided "No."

It was February now, and in the book-store, and the candy and cigar shops, there were gay valentines, costing any thing from a cent to a dollar or two, which the school children admired every day. There were sheets of paper with wreaths or hearts in which to write any thing you might think of yourself. Stephen Jones, the oldest boy in school, had one of these in his desk, and two or three sheets of common paper beside, on which he was writing a verse of poetry over and over, till he could do it well enough to copy on the valentine. He showed it to Ainslee one day, who wished that he could write, and wondered if there would be time for him to learn before St. Valentine's Day. He could print all the letters of the alphabet, big and little, for he had been doing this on his slate, half an hour or so, every day since he began school. He had never made them into words, but now he tried quite hard to copy short sentences from his spelling-book, and began to think to himself that he might perhaps be able to print something which would do for a valentine.

All this time he had asked nobody's advice, but one afternoon, sitting on a log near the wood-pile, with Sinny, he said suddenly, —

"Did you ever have a valentine, Sinny?"

"No," said Sinny. "Mother did, though. She's got one at home in the big Bible, and she won't let me look at it, only once in a great while. She says father sent it to her when he was courtin' her."

"I wish I could see it," said Ainslee.

"Well, you can," said Sinny. "You come up to grandfather's, an' mother 'll show it to you, I know."

So Ainslee ran in and asked his mother, who said "Yes," and the two children went up to old

Peter Smith's, taking turns in drawing each other on the sled.

It was a queer, little, old house, in which they lived. Ainslee's visits there had generally been made in the barn, ending with eating gingerbread on the door-step, and so he looked about now with some curiosity. Sinny had taken him into the room, where Nancy, his mother, spent almost all her time. There was a best room, but it was almost never opened, unless some one died. This one, which was parlor, and dining-room, and kitchen, all in one, had a great fire-place, with a bright fire burning in it, and before it a tin baker in which Nancy was baking biscuit for supper. In one corner stood a bed, never slept in unless company came, for their own rooms were upstairs. It was made up so high with feather beds, that one needed to climb into a chair in order to reach it, and this bed was covered with a remarkable patch-work quilt, made in basket pattern. There were half-a-dozen chairs in the room; one a very straight-backed rocking-chair by the window, where Nancy sat to do her sewing. A little stand was near it, which held her work-basket, and on another stand in the corner was the big Bible, and the almanac, which old Peter read in the evenings.



"I want some more chips," Nancy said, as they came in. "Sinny, you and Ainslee go into the wood-house and pick up a basketful, an' I'll give you some biscuit when you come in."

"Show us the valentine, mother, when we're through," Sinny said. "Ainslee wants to see it."

"Maybe," said Nancy, and the boys, when they came in, found her sitting by the window, the big Bible in her lap.

"Where I lived, they give me this Bible when I was married," she said; "an' parson Tuttle, he wrote Simeon's name and mine right there, an' the date an' all; an' when Sinny was born, he put it down on the other page. Here's the valentine in among the Deaths."

Ainslee watched as she drew the sheet of paper from the great envelope and unfolded it. There were a pair of doves billing at the top of the page, and little red hearts with arrows stuck through them, and a wreath of flowers, in the centre of which was written in a cramped handwriting, blotted here and there, four lines, signed,

"Your trew Valentin til Deth."

"What does it say?" asked Ainslee. "Read it, won't you?" and Sinny's mother read,—

"The Rose is Red,
The Voylet is Blu,
The Pink is swete, and
so Are You."

"That's the nicest thing to say in a valentine, I ever did hear," said Ainslee, as Mrs. Smith put the yellow paper back into the envelope, and shut up the Bible with a sigh. "I say, Nancy, I want to send a valentine, and write it all myself, and I'll say that same thing."

"Well, if I ever!" said Nancy. "You ain't six year old yet."

"I don't care," said Ainslee. "I've got five cents to buy some paper. You tell me that over again till I know it. No, you write it. No, you need n't either. Mama'll let me come up here to-morrow and write it myself. May I?"

"Why, yes," said Nancy, and Ainslee ran home to supper. Going to bed that night he told his mother, who said he might spend his five cents in a pretty envelope and sheet of paper, and she would put them in another one directed to Amanda for him.

"I want to write on the inside one myself, mama," he said, "so's to have the valentine part all mine."

"Very well," mama said, and Ainslee went to sleep, perfectly happy.

Next day, right after school, he went down to the village, and after a great deal of difficulty, found some paper just to his mind, with which he trotted back to Nancy's, who had a seat all ready for him at the table, and sat down with the valentine in her hand, ready to read it to him. Ainslee had a pencil which his mother had sharpened for him, for he could not yet use ink with-

out getting it all over his fingers. Nancy spelled each word for him, just as it was written there, and Ainslee put it all into the very best printing he could do. On the opposite page you will see exactly how it looked when finished.

Then Ainslee took the envelope, and printed on the outside, just as Nancy told him to spell it, — MISAMANDERMARTIN, — all in one word. You ten or twelve-year-olders, who never miss a word in your spelling-classes, can afford to laugh at Ainslee, and your little brothers and sisters will not know but that it is all right, unless you tell them.

What grandpa, and grandma, and mama thought when they saw it, I don't know. Grandpa coughed so that he could n't tell Ainslee how he liked it, and mama looked out of the window for some time before she put it in the envelope she had all ready. She put on a two-cent stamp, and Mr. Culligan mailed it that evening when he went down to the post office, together with a penny one that Ainslee had bought for Ann, for it was then the thirteenth of February.

Next day came a terrible storm of wind and rain, and as Ainslee had a little cold, mama kept him at home. Two valentines came to him, both printed ones, and Ainslee wondered all day, not only whom his could be from, but whether or no Amanda had hers.

The next day was pleasant, and he started for school just as soon after breakfast as he could get ready, with his two valentines in his pocket.

All the boys and girls were about the stove

when he got there, and almost every one had a valentine to show. Sampson Simmons had one of a boy putting his fingers in his mother's preserve jars, which he had found on his seat, and would not have shown, had he known what was in it. Amanda Martin was standing by Tommy, holding one, which Ainslee knew in a minute; and Sinny was showing his, as if it were the finest one ever printed.

"You did n't get one, did you, Amanda?" asked Ainslee.

"I guess I did," said Amanda. "Tommy makes fun of it, but I think it's beautiful."

"Do you, truly, surely?" said Ainslee.

"Why, yes," Amanda answered, looking up. "I'm always going to keep it. Did you send it, Ainslee? I sent you one."

"Which one?" said Ainslee, delighted, and more so, when it proved to be the prettiest one.

"I'll let you ride on my sled like any thing, Amanda," he said. "I love you."

"So do I you," said Amanda. "You're the nicest boy I ever saw."

I think Ainslee would have hugged her again that very minute, had not the bell called school to order. He did pat her as he went by, and when he went home at noon, told his mother he wanted to hurry and get big, and just as soon as he did, he should marry Amanda, to which mama said, —

"Twenty years or so from now, my boy, we will begin to talk about that."

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

WE took a survey of the bookstores just before the holidays, to see what there was especially good, and also new for children, and though it is rather late to make any report that can be of much practical value, we will use the very brief space allowed in a memorandum of what we saw. Beginning with the very little children, we found Oscar Pletsch's picture books the most satisfactory, and of the various issues, the best were two published by E. P. Dutton and Co., Boston, — "Little Folks," and "Schnik Schnak" (\$1.50 each). Pletsch is the least affected of all the German designers in this department, and the strongest in those points which are vital: for he is frank, much amused with his own work, conscientious in his drawing, and possesses genuine humor. There

is considerable variety in the forty pictures contained in the two books, and the scenes are just such as parents so often wish they could catch and preserve in the lives of their children; that is, scenes which spring out of the life which children lead by themselves, when they do not think of any body as looking on. Thus, we have little urchins peeping into baskets, quarreling with their victuals, on a sofa absorbed in reading, in such a bunch as only a boy can make of himself, holding yarn, looking in despair at a broken dish, putting dolly to sleep, watching the baby who sits in a tub of water gleefully playing with toy ducks, riding on cock-horses, playing tea, making a snow man, dragging one another over the snow to school. There is not much choice between

the two, but "Little Folks" struck us as perhaps the more interesting. The pictures have rhymes beneath, which may help one when a little dull at making out the pictures, but are good for nothing else.

For children old enough to read, but who like best to be read to, two books may be recommended, "Gertie and May" (W. V. Spencer, Boston: Price \$1.00), and "Queer Little People," by Mrs. Stowe (Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Price \$1.50). The former is a simple story of the life at home of two children who had their little plays, their little visits, and busy round of childish occupation much as others; but the narrative is given so gracefully, with so much true refinement and pure feeling, that one would gladly hope it might be a favorite in many families, and make children indifferent to the noisy books which of late have been thrusting themselves into the nursery. Mrs. Stowe's book is more lively and more varied. It is a collection of stories about humanized animals, and still better ones about animals whose animal nature is good enough for us to be satisfied with. We think she is more successful in such graceful sketches as "Hum, the son of Buz," and "Our Dogs," than in such as "The Hen that hatched Ducks."

Of fairy books one has a natural distrust of all except the old ones, those which were written by persons who had some faith in fairies, and had not made the important discovery that they are only personified elements of character. Yet, of the recent inventions, Mace's "Fairy Book" (Harpers', New York: Price \$1.75) is good. The stories are clever, and that is the main thing, and there is a good degree of stout, homely virtue in them, that will stand the wear and tear of a child's busy conscience.

For boys and girls, using the term for such as may read the same book just before they separate in their reading, nothing seemed so hearty and interesting as Mrs. Weeks's "Grandpa's House" (Hurd & Houghton, New York: Price \$1.50). Mrs. Weeks needs no introduction to readers of this Magazine, and they only need to be told that the book is in her best way: full of life yet never boisterous; tender in sentiment but never feeble; natural without being hard, and pleasantly salted with humor and merriment. We cannot recall any writer for the young amongst us who has such a store of incident, and such clear

insight into the characteristic human nature of children. She writes as one who has been among them without their knowing it; who has not observed for the purpose of writing, but has written because she has observed; she sends forth one charming scene after another, without any evident attempt at dressing them up for show, and lets her incidents go as if she had no need to economize, but could draw from an unfailing source. This book is of New England country life, and there is a freshness of tone, and a quiet force about it, that come straight from the hills.

We confess to have been sore put at finding good new books for boys and for girls, when they have, in a measure, parted company in their reading. For girls, in fact, we found nothing; for boys, the nearest that we could come to a first-rate book, was Macgregor's "Rob Roy on the Baltic: a Canoe Cruise through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Sleswig-Holstein, the North Sea, and Baltic," (Roberts Brothers, Boston: Price \$2.00). The "Rob Roy" had previously made a thousand miles on rivers and lakes in the interior of Europe. This is a tolerably good book of travel and exciting adventure in interesting countries. There is an attractive appendix, giving a description of the construction of the canoe.

Of this brief list, the last is the only one that is out of the category of story and picture books. We are glad to see an improvement in story books, but we wish that those who make books for children for a living, and have no special call to tell a story, would take the pains to give us some books of a plainer character. Why, for instance, should not the larger works of travel, too expensive for general use, and perhaps — though we are in doubt here — bigger than a boy would wish to tackle, be rewritten in brief for the young? Why should we not have more accessible books about trades, inventions, manners and customs, and the hundred subjects that the young are curious about, and do it, too, without that painful lugging in of the dramatic element, which so obstructs the incident; as, for example, describing foreign life and a half dozen American lads all in one sorry jumble? And though a good many may think the notion preposterous, we believe that really good biographies are not at all distasteful to bright boys and girls, — really good ones; but the taste of many has been spoiled by really poor ones.

PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

FORTE-CRAYON has begun a story in this number called the "Young Virginians," which is to picture life in Virginia as it was a generation or more ago. The changes since then have swept away much of that peculiar life, and old people as well as young will be glad to have a faithful account of it. Those who

are familiar with descriptions of English country life, will be interested to see the likeness between it and life in the Shenandoah Valley forty years ago. Colonel Moreland is very like an English country gentleman, and his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather, back to the first who came from England, and set-

ted there, had each kept pretty closely to the traditions of the mother country. Those who are old enough to care for the reasons of this, will find an account, by Porte-Crayon himself, in a recent number of "Harpers' Monthly."

It is very difficult to give negro talk exactly, because a good deal that is singular in it lies in the peculiar intonation of the voice; and those who have not lived among them are likely to make rather poor work of it when they try to write out negro talk: about as poor work as many make of the Irish brogue, or as English writers of the Yankee dialect. Our contributor, Mr. Goulding, who wrote the story of "Frank Gordon" in the last volume, says on this point: "The word *master* is differently pronounced by the same persons when used in different conditions. When a person is addressed by his Christian name, Frank or Charles, he is called *Mass* Frank or *Mas* Charlie. But when the sea-board negro recognized the relation of master, and wished to designate it, he would speak of *Mossa* or *Mosser*, not *mass*, as most books have it. I suppose that the short *o* in master, like the *o* in mama, tended naturally, on African lips, to the broad sound of *o* in *fall*." He adds, speaking still of the sea-board negroes: "I inclose a short sentence from a long letter, of which I obtained a copy; it is a veritable letter, sent from a faithful old negro to his master, and taken from his lips, verbatim, literatim, et *sonnatim*, to coin a word for the occasion:—

"MY DEAR MAUSSA, — I yeddy say I kin sen one letter to my maussa, ef I kin git um writ: and Mas Pratt say him will hab um writ funny."

(TRANSLATION.)

"MY DEAR MASTER, — I hear say I can send a letter to my master if I can get it written: and Mr. Pratt says he will have it written for me."

Our friend who told us of the "Great Snow Storm," sent us some time since a little paper on this very point, and we print it here as a curious illustration of the subject:—

A NEGRO STORY.

ALL our readers are probably more or less familiar with the common Negro dialect. We have had it in every form, from the African Minstrel performances, and sentimental or comic songs, that were so popular a few years ago, up to Whittier's simple and beautiful "Boatman's Song."

But it ought to be understood that in all these cases we have a very refined form of the genuine "nigger talk," the main point in which it differs from pure English being the mispronunciation of a few words, usually by giving the sound of *d* or *t* to *th*. The common language of the field hands in most parts of the Southern States, and in the West Indies, differs as much from this as the brogue of the lower class of Irish or Scotch does from the slight tinge in the pronunciation of educated gentlemen of the same nation. In this "plantation lingo," not only is the pronunciation barbarous, but many strange words and peculiar forms of expression are found, being probably derived from their native African languages. By way of illustration, perhaps you will like to see a sample of genuine negro talk; here is a little story, somewhat after the style of *Æsop*, which gives a plausible account of the chronic hostility of dog, cat, and rat. It was taken down from the lips of a venerable old darkey nurse in one of the West India Islands. Unfortunately, the peculiar tone of her voice, the comical expression of her face, and the tremulous wag of her red and yellow turban, cannot be put on paper; but the legend itself is a curious one, apart from the peculiarities of the dialect. Our readers may find some amusement in trying to read it and get the meaning. You must remember that the scene was laid in a slave country, where any one of the subject race is presumed to be a slave, unless provided with "free papers" as evidence of his freedom. The free papers were therefore the most valuable documents that the negroes could imagine:—

"Dog a lossa Free Paper.

"Dat time Ginnal ben a fas eum yow, he fine a plenty dog

in de country. Den dem no say dog a ben a free man. Vel den Ginnal mak a gran dinna na Basin. Dog alway got a long a nose: he smell fur away: he smell a say a nice bone da foo suck. Dem all tak a dem free paper, gee pussy foo put up. Dem tell a pussy dem bin a goin foo tak a one long walk. Vel dem go. Dem 'tap a one long time, kaze dem fine plenty bone foo suck. Vel now, pussy lub foo sleep na de sun. Dat time pussy lie down, sleep so sweet. Ratta dem all come out foo look foo someting foo yet. Dem ben fraid foo go close pussy, so dem go na pussy house. Dem no fine nottin foo yet, no more dog a free paper. Dem ben so vex, dem all come togeder ole one O, young one O, all de same: dem all join bed togeder, so mak bargain so foo pite, kaze pussy got no ninnium (food) in dem house, dem yet a dog free paper. Vel dem do um. Yet um evry hit, phew! Bum by dog a come home, dem go hax a pussy foo dem free paper. Da! — pussy chan say one word! Dem chan fine um; so dog get a vex, and tun round an lick a pussy upside down. Den pussy mak a swear, so long a ratta yet a dog free paper, dem so chilli dem vare ober dem fine um. Da mak you see ratta neber pass a pussy. An a dog an a cat alway so fight."

For the benefit of those who may not find it easy to pick out the meaning without help, we give a translation, as follows:—

"When the General (i. e. the Governor of the Island) first came here, he found plenty of dogs in the country. At that time the dogs were not free. Well, the General made a grand dinner at the Basin (a place on the Island). Dogs always have long noses—they can smell far away: they smell a nice bone there to suck. So they all took their free papers, and gave them to pussy to keep, telling her they were going to take a long walk. So they went; and they stayed a long time, because they found plenty of bones to suck. Well now, Pussy loves to sleep in the sun: so then she went and lay down, and slept so sweetly. Then the rats all came out to look for something to eat. They were afraid to go near Pussy, so they went into Pussy's house. But there they found nothing to eat—only the dogs' free papers. Then they were so vexed, they all got together, young and old, and putting their heads together, they agreed (for spite) that since Pussy had no food for them in her house, they would eat up the dogs' free papers. So they did—ate them all up every bit. By and by the dogs came home, and went to ask Pussy for their free papers. There! Pussy can't say one word! She can't find them. So the dogs got vexed and turned around and 'lick a pussy upside down.' Then Pussy swore that since the rats ate up the dogs' free papers, she would kill them wherever she found them. That's the reason, you see, why a rat can never pass a cat, and a dog and a cat will always fight."

Guessing that story has put us in trim for other riddles, and here is another double acrostic, by Uncle Walter, or one of his high-lorn family. But, dear us! the printer says there is no more room:—

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

The double acrostic in "Uncle Walter's Lecture":—

S a l a D
L i q u o H
E u r y d i c E
E l i z A
P a l M

The other acrostics:—

1. D i s t r e s S
A I
Y a r N

2. I m P
N o n E
K I N

Charade.—Madagascar. Riddle.—Topsy. French Riddle.—1. A. 2. Allons souper; j'ai grand appetit. 3. Adieu. Illustrated Charade.—Windfall.

U P N

Happy Days.

WORDS BY E. M. H.

MUSIC BY KARL HEDEN.

mf *Cheerfully* *Unison.*

VOICES

AND

PIANO.

1. O nappy days! happy days! That is what my mamma says. I am happier

than a king: He can't play, and laugh, and sing, As do I, a mer-ry boy,

f CHORUS.

Full of fun, and full of joy. Happy days! O happy days! Happy days! O

Cres. *ff*

hap - py days! Hap - py days! Hap - py days! Hap - py, hap - py days!

2

O happy days! happy days!
Full of pretty, merry plays:
Noisy drum and trumpet loud;
Paper cap, with feather proud;
Hobby-horse, and bouncing ball,
Top and kite, I love you all.

3

O happy days! happy days!
Father says, give God the praise.
He gave home and parents dear;
He wipes off the passing tear;
And He gives this heart of joy
To a very happy boy.

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Hey diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle,
 The Cow jumped over the Moon.
 The little Dog laughed to see such sport,
 And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

M. J.